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The

# SIGN

THE DAY OF CHRIST'S BIRTH

by Jim Bishop

National Catholic Magazine



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## Letters

### THE ONLY WAY

If, for its November issue, THE SIGN had run nothing but eighty pages blank except for "The Only Way I Could Go," it would have rendered a tremendous service. There have been accounts of conversions before. But this is it. Mr. Bronk has brought knowledge, accuracy, and readability to every aspect of the situation existing today as a result of a misfortune centuries old. . . .

JOSEPH McCAFFREY

MORRIS PLAINS, N. J.

### PUERTO RICANS

The articles "From San Juan to Hell's Kitchen" and "By 1965 or Never" are well done and I am sure will be an aid to a better understanding of our Puerto Rican neighbors.

RT. REV. MSGR. JAMES J. WILSON  
COORDINATOR

SPANISH CATHOLIC ACTION  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

### RACE PREJUDICE

I would like to commend Mr. Joel Wells for his "My Struggle With Race Prejudice." (October)

Mr. John P. Shanley's introductory feature on TV and Radio was informative and interesting. I think it charitable of him to describe last year's TV programs "an unprecedented mass of trash!"

MRS. A. A. NEWSOM

HOUSTON, TEXAS

The article on racial prejudice in the October issue of THE SIGN deserves recognition as an enlightened piece of journalism. I sincerely hope that it enlightens some smug people who insist that there is no racial prejudice here in the North and, at the same time, also insist on identifying Negroes as Negroes first—people with names second.

Thank you again.

MRS. STEPHEN PETRUCCI  
W. ACTON, MASS.

Page after page of the October issue was sparked with excellent material.

Remembering Mr. Joel Wells' interesting article in a previous issue of THE SIGN and the terrific one he did for Ave

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Maria in the spring, I could hardly wait to read his article on prejudice. Please continue in this policy of yours to use the great, up-and-coming, young Catholic writers like Mr. Wells and Mr. Don Thorman.

Congratulations also on the addition of Mr. John Shanley to your permanent staff of writers.

I think the October issue of THE SIGN is the best ever.

JOANNE M. ADLER

JOLIET, ILL.

#### THE OCTOBER SIGN

Four stars for the October issue of THE SIGN.

Every number of this eloquent magazine is interesting, informative, and inspirational.

JOHN LYNCH

W. MEDFORD, MASS.

The Boston Archdiocesan Council of Catholic Men salutes THE SIGN for its consistently fine journalism.

Your October issue, especially your editorial "Disagreement Among Catholics" and your "People of the Month" and "Is This the Age of Great Lay Saints?" features, were of outstanding interest here.

T. RICHARD HURLEY  
PRESIDENT

ARCHDIOCESAN COUNCIL OF  
CATHOLIC MEN

BOSTON, MASS.

#### FOREIGN AID

Thank you for your "Foreign Aid Means Human Aid" in your September issue. . . .

MRS. C. SHUTT

HOUSTON, TEXAS

As a person from one of the most underdeveloped countries of the world (Uganda), I was delighted to read in your magazine an article on foreign aid by James O'Gara. Foreign aid, as he put it, is human aid and world co-operation. . . .

Foreign aid by the Western countries to the underdeveloped areas is really important for the future of the world.

This is particularly important for Africa, which is steadily emerging from foreign domination. . . .

If those fully dedicated to democracy, liberty, and peace with justice do not make a timely response to fight ignorance, disease, and poverty in Africa, the enemies of freedom will come and do it, and then perhaps woe to mankind!

JOSEPH M. MUBIRN

NEW YORK, N. Y.

#### NO "EARS"

We are so happy that we are not the only family without "ears."

Perhaps Mrs. Vogt (October, p. 5) will let us top her with six children under ten and no TV for two years. And, like the Vogts, we also notice the calm of a reading family. We feel that our chil-

# MOTHER, WHERE DO BABIES COME FROM?

## Can You Answer That, Mother?

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Mothers have remarked, "Who but this author would have thought of SUCH an approach to this delicate subject?"



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The Rev. Fr. Francis L. Filas, S.J.  
Associate Professor of Theology  
Loyola University, Chicago

"The work is highly recommended to parents by a number of cautious priests."

End of Catholic Book Review in  
"Salesianum" St. Francis Sem-  
inary Publication, Milwaukee

Excerpts from The Rt. Rev. Msgr. J. D. Conway's review of this book in the Catholic Messenger are as follows: "I don't mind giving him (the author) a free assist because this book well deserves a boost. It will prevent the curious little mind from experiment, shame, and a feeling of guilt. And above all, it will establish that confidence and frankness which is going to be so necessary 10 or 12 years later when real problems arise, and thus will save teen-agers from coming to me or some other priest with questions they wouldn't dare ask mother."

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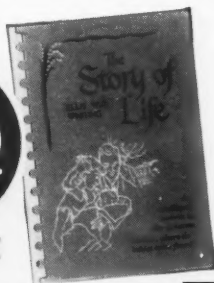
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dren are learning to visualize for themselves instead of having it done for them.

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Mr. & Mrs. FRANCIS COMEAU  
ORANGE, CONN.

### "DISAGREEMENT AMONG CATHOLICS"

I read your editorial "Disagreement Among Catholics" with interest. As I am of the opinion that castigation and name-branding do little to improve the status quo of our side, I think your advice as given in the last paragraph is excellent, even if it may be a little on the idealist side, because of the fact that most of us have a deuce of a job practicing what we preach. I maintain that if the time, effort, and space that we use downing the other fellow were directed toward improving our side, our relative position would be bettered considerably. . . .

J. F. MAHONY

PT. PLEASANT, N. J.

### THE OTHER NOTRE DAME

We are deeply indebted to you for this outstanding and penetrating picture of Notre Dame's achievements and aspirations. I know your article will help immeasurably in enlisting the kind of sympathy and understanding we need to achieve these goals, so difficult, and yet so important, for the Church in America.

REV. THEODORE M. HESBURGH, C.S.C.

PRESIDENT

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

NOTRE DAME, IND.

I appreciated reading the splendid article "The Other Notre Dame" in the October issue of your magazine.

However, the writer left out the most important information of all—since this was an article presumably to relate that Notre Dame University is highly academic—to wit: In the academic year 1958-1959, students of the University of Notre Dame ranked fifth among the colleges of the nation in winning Woodrow Wilson Fellowships. In compiling this record they beat half the Ivy League Colleges.

It is unfortunate that such newsworthy information should have missed publication in your story.

JAMES O'SULLIVAN

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

### MONTREAL

Congratulations on the very fine article entitled: "Montreal: Modern Catholic City."

Although we English-speaking Catholics are in the minority in Montreal, we do have many exemplary English Catholic families and outstanding churches also, and I think they should have been included in this article.

CARLINE WILSON

OUTREMONT, MONT., CANADA

In the September issue, you paid a visit to our fair city of Montreal, pictorially speaking, and I must say, your photog-

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rapher spent all his time in the east end of the city. Don't you know that we have a great many English-speaking Catholics here, as well?

You mention only the University of Montreal—we also have Loyola and Marianopolis—good Catholic colleges which give an excellent education.

You say that public schools in the Province of Quebec are Catholic—well, there are Catholic public schools and Protestant public schools, each coming under the jurisdiction of its respective school board. We are proud of our schools and the high standard of learning. No fees are paid until a pupil enters his junior year of high school. That's the advantage of living in a predominantly Catholic Province.

MRS. ELIZABETH BRODEN  
MONTREAL, QUE., CANADA

In the last issue of *THE SIGN* (September), there was a very interesting article about Montreal and life in French Canada, but I would like to bring our attention to a wrong statement in describing the educational system.

I am French Canadian myself, born, brought up, and educated in Montreal. I know that, unfortunately, your good article can create a false impression in a time of great controversy over the fear that a Catholic President might change the present educational system in the United States.

The "public schools in the province of Quebec are Catholic" the article states. It is not true or partially correct. Quebec has the fairest system in the world toward a minority, which in this case is the Protestants. In Quebec there are Protestant schools and Catholic schools. Both of them are public schools and both of them have also their own private schools. Protestants pay their taxes to the Protestant schools and Catholics pay their school taxes to Catholic schools and neither one nor the other has to support their school separately or personally. Private schools, which are run by the nuns for the Catholics in 90 per cent of the cases, set their own tuition fees and/or boarding fees. May I add that Protestant schools are nonconfessional but there are also some Jewish schools which are private schools . . .

LUCILLE LEGER

RIVERTON, N. J.

#### THE REFORMATION

I would agree with Mr. William Frye ("Letters", October) that he is no theologian. I would also say he knows nothing of Church history.

May I give a few of many quotations I have showing that the Church of England and Rome were one long before St. Thomas à Becket.

Gildas, the British historian of the sixth century, speaks of St. Peter as "The Prince of the Apostles" and again, "To St. Peter and his successors (the Popes) Christ says, 'To thee do I give the keys of the kingdom of heaven.'" Many historical documents of the time were lost, but what writings have come down to us all go to prove that the British Church was one with the Church of Rome.

Bede, eighth-century historian, notes that King Lucius (Leirwg) sent ambassadors

# Europe 1960



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to Pope Eleutherius (A.D. 176) asking that  
he and his people be made Christians.

Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury,  
wrote in 1072: "Christ gave nothing less  
to the successors of Peter than He gave to  
Peter himself. . . . I certainly do not ques-  
tion nor does any one else that it was by  
the authority of the Apostolic See that I  
was raised to the dignity of archbishop of  
Canterbury."

Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury,  
wrote in 1092: "It is certain that he who  
does not obey the ordinance of the Roman  
Pontiff, which are issued for the mainte-  
nance of the Christian religion, is disobe-  
dient to the apostle Peter, whose Vicar he  
is; nor is he of that flock, which was given  
to him (St. Peter) by God."

There are many other quotations I could  
cite, but I will close with the words of St.  
Thomas à Becket: "Who is there that  
doubts that the Roman Church is the head  
of all Churches and is the source whence  
all Catholic doctrine proceeds."

ANTHONY MARTIN

BAYONNE, N. J.

#### A STUDENT'S THANKS

For quite some time, I've wanted to  
write to express my feelings in regard to  
THE SIGN Magazine.

Being a senior at a Catholic high school  
here in Los Angeles, I have, of course,  
been exposed to many Catholic magazines.  
However, I have never before had the  
pleasure of reading such an informative,  
variety-filled magazine as yours.

THE SIGN never seems to be lacking in  
interest-arousing articles, which are so fre-  
quently overlooked in other magazines of  
similar nature.

I know that I'll be looking forward to  
future issues, and I feel safe in saying that  
many of my age will also.

ANTHONY CASIMANO, JR.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

#### "CASH VS. CREDIT"

In the article "Cash vs. Credit" (No-  
vember), the author tells of a young couple.  
Bill and Nancy, who want a washing ma-  
chine, sewing machine, stereo outfit, and  
TV set. Bill and Nancy are just the couple  
we want to meet! We have been married  
four years and are trying to sell the follow-  
ing articles—automatic washer, automatic  
sewing machine, highest-quality stereo rig  
(including fifty stereo records), and a TV  
set. James E. Kenney certainly understands  
modern young couples and their wants and  
desires! . . .

MRS. JOHN KOCIS

LONDON, ONT., CANADA

#### KATHERINE BURTON

I am so happy to be reinstated in time  
to "thrust my shield in front of our dear  
KB and catch the arrow from Mrs. Cava-  
naugh." (September, p. 4) She does make  
a shining target with probably the most  
adult woman's page in any current maga-  
zine. Such a mistress of the whispered  
understatement she is. Perhaps that is  
Mrs. Cavanaugh's trouble: her heart needs  
its glasses fitted. For that's the best way to

read Mrs. Burton—with your heart. I've loved her since that happy day I stumbled onto her autobiography. Please don't ever let her stop writing for THE SIGN.

EDITH M. BROWNING

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

#### APPRECIATION

We enjoy reading THE SIGN very much and feel that it is an extremely well-rounded and informative magazine. The "Editor's Page" and "Current Fact and Comment" are especially well written and objective. You "let the chips fall where they may," calling attention to the good points, as well as the bad, of U.S. foreign policy, labor management relations, science, and all the other pertinent current problems.

MRS. GEORGE F. BOUTHILLIER, JR.  
STAFFORD SPRINGS, CONN.

#### A STUDENT'S VIEW

I am a Catholic, high-school student and find occasion to read your magazine often. I feel it is very useful and helpful . . .

Your magazine has been most complete in condemnation of Hoffa, Beck, and that kind of "leader."

I do not recall that your magazine has ever spoken about the vast and ever-increasing power of unions, a power which when exercised irresponsibly can cause harm to America, for example, a nationwide strike . . .

Your magazine has completely opposed Right-to-Work Laws, yet some quotes mention that the late Pope Pius XI said that workers should establish unions which workers are free to join (or not).

I would state that your magazine is always most stimulating and timely, areas of disagreement notwithstanding.

DONALD B. DELANO

ORANGE, CALIF.

#### YOUNG CHRISTIAN WORKERS

Upon receiving my first copy of your magazine (August), I was very pleased to see featured as "People of the Month" two "Young Christian Workers." As a member of the same movement in Australia, the realization that in your country as well as ours, in fact throughout the world, YCW's are endeavoring to serve, educate, and represent their fellow young workers, makes me thankful for that membership. . . .

JOHN BILL

ADELAIDE, AUSTRALIA

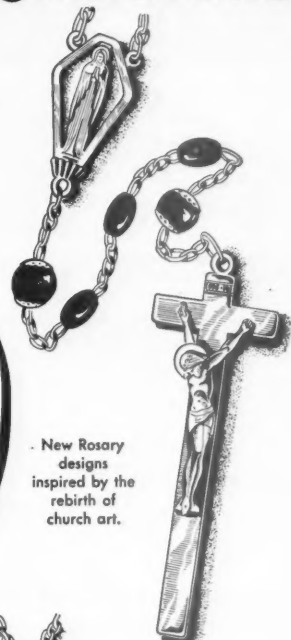
#### THE DOOR

. . . I most enjoyed the story "The Door" in the August issue by Dorothy Rose. She has great understanding and writes beautifully.

MRS. JOHN TIETJEN

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# The SIGN®

*National Catholic Magazine*

December, 1959  
Volume 39, No. 5

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Cover painting "Children in Adoration" by Cicely M. Barker

Woodcut on Page 43 from "Life of Christ" by Bruno Bramanti, © 1951 by Pellegrini & Cudahy. Used by permission of the publishers, Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, Inc.



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## EDITOR'S PAGE

**T**HE Communists have appropriated the word peace as if it were their private invention and possession. Their talk of peace is propaganda and a smoke-screen to hide their very unpeaceful intentions. We should never forget, least of all at Christmas time, that peace has a truly Christian significance.

We find references to peace scattered through the New Testament. Zachary, the father of St. John the Baptist, prayed to God "to guide our feet into the way of peace." When he saw the object of his hopes and prayers resting as a Babe in his arms, the holy Simeon blessed God, saying, "Now thou dost dismiss thy servant, O Lord, according to thy word, in peace." Jesus instructed His Apostles: "Whatever house you enter, first say, 'peace to this house,' and on another occasion He urged, 'be at peace with one another.'" When He looked down upon the city of Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives and wept over it, He said, "If thou hadst known, in this thy day, even thou, the things that are for thy peace!" And shortly after, speaking to the Apostles, He said: "These things I have spoken to you that in me you may have peace."

When Jesus pardoned a sinner or worked a miracle in someone's favor, His usual expression of dismissal of the grateful one was, "Go in peace." After His Resurrection from the dead, Jesus' customary greeting to His disciples was "peace be to you."

Peace was closely linked with the beginning and end of Christ's life on earth. We are all familiar with the story of Christ's nativity: the census of Quirinius, the journey of Mary and Joseph from Nazareth to Bethlehem, the crowded inn, the cave with its manger, the birth of Jesus, the worship of the humble shepherds from the nearby fields. The shepherds had been told of what was happening in the cave by an angelic messenger, and a host of angels chanted what could be called in modern language the theme song of the tremendous event which had just taken place: "Glory to God in the highest and peace on earth among men of good will."

In the beautiful discourse to His Apostles on the night before He died, Jesus spoke of peace. It was a solemn moment, a time of farewells. It was after

## Peace on Earth

the Last Supper and only the eleven trusted Apostles were with Jesus. They had followed Him now for nearly three years. They had been at peace with God whom He had taught them to love, at peace with one another because He calmed their dissensions; they had feared no man because they relied on His protection. The Apostles were in danger of losing this peace because they were losing their Master, its source.

Jesus reassured them in words that sound like a last will and testament: "Peace I leave with you," He said, "My peace I give to you; not as the world gives do I give to you. Do not let your heart be troubled or be afraid."

It may seem strange that Jesus should assure peace to His Apostles when He knew quite well what awaited them: opposition, mockery, persecution, and even martyrdom. But Jesus contrasted the peace which He gives with the peace the world gives. The world can give only negative peace, the absence of fighting of man with man, of class with class, and of nation with nation. The peace which Christ gives is an interior peace, deep down inside the individual. It is a serenity of mind, tranquillity of soul, simplicity of heart, bond of love, and communion of charity. It has its origin in charity: the love of God and the love of one's neighbor in God. This peace no man can take from us; it is inviolable to all outside forces. Like a mountain lake, its surface may be storm-tossed but there is perpetual calm in the depths.

**T**HIS peace, proclaimed by the angels at Bethlehem and left by Christ as a legacy to His faithful, is the greatest good we can wish one another, especially at Christmas time. It is our Christmas wish to our subscribers and readers that this peace of Christ may always dwell undisturbed in their hearts. That this may come to pass will be our special prayer on Christmas day.

*Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.*



*Editorials in Pictures and Print*

## Wanted: Industrial Peace

High on the list of Christmas presents for Uncle Sam should be Labor-Management's gift of industrial peace.

We have just been through the longest strike to affect a major industry in decades. During the Taft-Hartley imposed truce, the rumblings of antagonism continue. This strike could still turn out to be the bitterest industrial conflict in American history. Tragically, there is no point at issue which some basic common sense and love for America cannot quickly settle.

The American public has resented the impression given by both contestants that they were indifferent to the general welfare of the nation. Certainly, such indifference was not a deliberate policy either of Labor or Management. Both disputants carried on as though engaged in a crusade for America. Management was constantly seeking to rally public support to save the nation from inflation. Labor was constantly seeking to save the nation from managerial dictatorship, destroying the trade union movement so vital to American welfare.

But good intentions can never make up for stupid policies. We admit the issues are complicated—that future historians will have difficulties in seeking to pinpoint the blame for this current calamity. Even now it is difficult to separate the issues from the personalities involved.

**But we have a few questions for both sides.** A key question is precisely when and why the essential trust that is so vitally necessary for good labor relations vanished. Why were workers suddenly overcome by a fear that changes in work rules would mean an inhuman speed-up in production and wholesale loss of jobs? Other basic industries, notably coal, had already accepted automation and increased efficiency and affected unions failed to make similar protests.

Moreover, it is widely accepted that the union did not want this strike. Why, then, did management fail to convince its workers of the importance and justice of its own case? Who is responsible for such faulty communications? Most observers say that the workers did not want an inflationary wage increase. Workers have a lot of common sense concerning the family pocketbook and the national welfare. The workers could have understood management's approach if management had come forward with an explanation of foreign competition, the need for increased efficiency, and the willingness to lower steel prices to make steel more competitive. This should not have been too difficult to explain to reasonable men.

Even assuming that management is completely right and ignoring its excesses in raising prices, the fact remains that there has been a serious failure in communications. It is hard to avoid the conclusion that industry was more eager to impose a settlement than to win consent to one.

The American public must pay the cost. It is not too late to ask Labor and Management to start all over again, this time with an eye on the public economic good of America, and give America the sorely needed Christmas present of industrial peace.

*Two Nigerian women admire the new flag which will fly over their land on Independence Day, Oct. 1, 1960. With a population of 34 million people, more than a fourth of all the people in Black Africa, Nigeria will be the largest self-governing country on the continent. Its independence (from Britain) will rank as one of the great events of Africa's history and thrust the nation into an important place in the world community. The white in the flag's center symbolizes peace and unity*

UPI PHOTOS





## Presidential Peace Trip

World peace will be the chief concern of President Eisenhower as he starts his global journey December 4. His nineteen-day, twenty-thousand-mile trip will be highlighted by informal, intimate conversations with His Holiness, Pope John XXIII, and the political leaders of Italy, Turkey, Pakistan, Afghanistan, India, Iran, Greece, France, Spain, and Morocco. He is scheduled to return to Washington December 23, in time for Christmas at home.

The President will find himself in close contact with the heart of the spiritual power of the Catholic Church, with the old worlds of Islamic and Buddhist cultures being transformed by modern technology, with the fermenting aspirations of Arab nationalism, and the indecisive strategies of struggling Indian neutralism.

The meetings with the governmental heads of NATO, SEATO, and CENTO nations will have an overall twofold purpose: to increase the warm bond of an active peace among the free nations of the world, and at the same time, from a consolidated position of strength, to seek joint ways and means of melting the Cold War which divides the world into two camps. Mr. Eisenhower's first task will be, by far, the easier.

**In fostering peace among the free nations** the President will have the advantage of moving mainly among friends. But there will be obstacles too.

In some areas he will be placed at a disadvantage by essentially false images of America. Hollywood motion pictures have helped to spawn abroad a cheap and vulgar image of America. Where uncorrected, the President will doubtless be looked upon as chief representative of the "can-can culture." Where Communist propaganda has gone unchallenged, he will be viewed suspiciously as archdevil in the hades of world capitalism. But most, we hope, will see him for what he truly represents.

America, essentially, is a symbol of *hope* for struggling humanity. A man's salvation, of course, can come only from God. It is a spiritual affair, involving a man's soul and God's grace, in the realm of life's deepest meaning.

But human societies, headed by decent governments, can give a man a chance to breathe freely—to chart a course in life in such a way as to reach his spiritual destiny. For such people, America traditionally has been the land of political freedom and economic opportunity. This is the image we think the President will convey to most people: a land of *hope* for the little fellow, a land that protects the rights of all, a land that hates tyranny and respects human dignity.

**The President hopes to thaw out some of the Cold War.** He is racing against time. With only one year left as tenant of the White House, he is expending every effort to bring the world closer to peace. For this he deserves the praise and admiration of all.

But there are some things which can be accomplished only by time and the grace of God. To give the Soviets whatever they demand, in order to avoid war, is suicidal surrender. It is fashionable in some quarters today to abandon loyalty to absolutes. (Absolutes are the main source of Soviet strength!) Many people in the free nations prefer to ignore the millions physically and spiritually enslaved behind the Iron Curtain; they look with calm tolerance on Soviet espionage and subversion operating in all the free nations; they bury their heads in the sand as the Soviet leaders continue to reaffirm that they will follow the Marxist-Leninist line till all non-Communist societies are wiped from the face of the earth. We hope the Presi-



UPI AND RELIGIOUS NEWS PHOTOS

*In small and big scenes, the picture of interracial friendship improves. In the all-white Glendale section of New York City, Negroes from another area with a school shortage are now accepted. In the Vatican, right, Pope John welcomed King George D. K. Rukidi III, of Toro, Uganda*



WIDE WORLD

*Dr. Edward Teller, California scientist and H-bomb father, calls for optimism in peaceful use of the atom. Only with optimism can we create a worth-while future out of the present uncertainty*



WIDE WORLD

*The U.S. has lost the services of an "amiable pro" in world diplomacy with the resignation of Robert Murphy as Under Secretary of State. His role as trouble-shooter won world applause*



WIDE WORLD

Nehru, who sits on the apex of naïveté, explains why India's borders have not been better fortified: "It did not occur to us that China might resort to aggression." How can such blindness be tolerated? Nehru has watched the Communists' rape of Korea, Viet Nam, Tibet, but he has not seen

Christmas, the magnetic season of happiness, approaches. Not for a second would we take away the joy that fills the homes where the peace of Christ abides. But if we are to be true to Christ we must offer prayers and gifts to His children who will not enjoy the magnificence of Christmas morning. Truly, the world is filled with suffering children. Here are two examples: An Indian youngster in Bombay, and thousands more like him, sleeps on a sidewalk because he has no home. UNICEF helps him. At New York's Institute of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation, below, two youngsters who are both blind and mentally disturbed cling to a therapist, searching for an unknown love

UPI PHOTOS



dent will not be too impressed by the soft line of British "political realism." We hope he will follow the sounder traditions of Chancellor Adenauer and President De Gaulle. As Karl Marx said: "The Russians have to be stood up to."

We can negotiate from a position of strength, nuclear tests, disarmament, and border problems. More hopefully, we can seek to widen the channels of communication between ourselves and the Russian peoples, who are basically warmhearted, friendly, and nonaggressive. But until God converts the perverted Communist leadership, there is no hope of effecting true peace with them.

The President has an arduous journey ahead—and a monumental task. The prayers and good wishes of Americans are with him for success on this world peace mission.

## American Home Life

The heart of a nation will always be found in the homes of its people. Thriving families mean a thriving nation.

Yesterday, the American home was the greatest single educative force in the land. Families were usually larger, running five, six, seven, and more children. The home was a major productive unit in the nation's economy. It was a factory, where clothes were made and repaired; a bakery, where bread and pastries and canned goods for the winter months ahead were produced; a hospital, where children were born and the sick were nursed and cared for. The home was a center of social enjoyment, with the constant give-and-take among the many members, where many personalities gathered for social visits and where story telling and group singing beautifully aided communication between hearts and minds.

Above all, the home was a practical school. The older children learned poise, initiative, and responsibility by taking care of the younger. Traditions in religion, and in family and national history, were handed down by word of mouth. The girls learned the feminine crafts of weaving, sewing, cooking, and nursing. The boys who did not attend formal school learned a practical trade.

**Today, technology has changed much of American home life.** The bake shop, the factory, the hospital, even the elementary school, have moved out of the American home. Within the home, modern appliances, such as electric ironers, washers, sweepers, largely reduce the activities of the housewife. Until recently, the size of American families had become commonly reduced to a point of unwholesome decay. Since the last war, a new and healthier trend toward vibrant home life has set in. Even so, the modern education of children has seen a big shift of emphasis. Children often are sent early to the nursery, then the kindergarten, then elementary school, high school, and college. Then they marry. Their children are born in hospitals and will be buried from funeral parlors.

Recent TV investigations made many wonder just how widespread is the lack of fundamental honesty and integrity among the people. The staggering rise of juvenile delinquency in recent years has made many cast anxious glances in the direction of the American home. The scandal of twelve million of the nation's forty-five million children being deprived of normal home life because of divorce, separation, or desertion of parents is another shocker for people who love America.

But the rapid growth in suburban family life, increase of children in families, tendencies toward community efforts by people who want to use newly found leisure well, the spread of Catholic CFM and Cana groups, all give promise that there is a trend for the better developing in American families today.

## VIEWS IN BRIEF

**What Manner of World?** According to those who take imaginative excursions into the future, life is going to be even more exciting in the 1960's. Exotic, precooked foods, "All-in-one" dresses and suits with built-in underclothing. Cars driven over a cushion of air. Pills to keep warm in winter and cool in summer. Madrid's bullfights live on TV. This, we are told, means a better life in keeping with man's progress through the ages. Well, maybe. But before we get swept away by the crystal ball, let's consider for a moment whether progress in our way of life in the decade now closing enhanced man's dignity as a thinking creature. THE SIGN has tried to answer this very question in a provocative photo-essay, "The Frustrating Fifties," on Pages 33-39. The answer is not likely to draw *alleluias* from the advertising agencies. For, although we are finding new ways to ease the burden of man's toil, we are not yet willing to use the new opportunities for the good of mind and soul. We have thrown ourselves into a pit where we scramble for material security that will die with us. It will take more than weather pills and built-in underclothing to get us out of the pit in the 1960's.

**Human Lend-Lease.** *We are going to learn more about the mysterious continent of Africa in the 1960's. The young countries entering the world community will be charting their courses for perhaps centuries to come. The young Americans now working in Africa as teachers, doctors, nurses, and technical advisers are making a great contribution to the common wealth of the world. As their achievements become known to the coming generation, we believe many more young Americans will accept the challenge and head for nations that need their services.*

**The Catholic Vote.** The Baptist General Convention has advised its members to consider carefully before voting for a candidate who is a Roman Catholic, since, in their words, "The Roman church is both a religion and an ambitious political system aspiring to be a state." But, fortunately, such darkness does not cover the land. In an enlightened editorial in the *Saturday Review*, Elmo Roper considered "The Myth of the Catholic Vote." He concluded: "One can only hope that both our politicians and our people will one day acknowledge what seems an obvious truth: that Catholics are many things. For example, they are not only Irish—they are Italians, they are Germans, they are Frenchmen, they are Poles. Catholics are liberals—and they are conservatives. Catholics belong to labor unions—and Catholics are unhappy about labor unions. Catholics are Republican—and they are Democratic. It seems to surprise some that Catholics are people!"

**The Church in the News.** *Newspapers and magazines are interested in reporting the affairs of the Church and especially of the Vatican. At times, these reports must bewilder Catholics. The Osservatore Romano recently made this comment: "Words and actions are attributed to the Holy Father which he has never pronounced or performed. Invention has become an ingredient of which use and abuse is made without limit. Press agencies and various sources of news have also taken to the habit of giving Vatican date lines to news printed by them concerning ecclesiastical persons and agencies in such a way that the reader is led to believe that the news comes from responsible sources at the Holy See or is authorized by those sources. This is not so, however, since, as everyone knows, if the Holy See has any communication to make it does not lack for direct and qualified news outlets."*





# *The Day of Christ's Birth*

THE ROAD out of Bethany threw a tawny girdle around the hill they called the Mount of Olives and the little parties came up slowly out of the east leading asses with dainty, dark feet toward the splendor of Jerusalem. They came up all year long from Jericho and the Salt Sea and the Mountains of Moab and the north country of Samaria and Galilee in a never-ending procession to the great temple of Herod. It was a spawning, a coming home, a communion with God at His appointed house.

Joseph had never seen the city. The elders in Nazareth had told him that it was a rare, white jewel set in the green valley between Cedron and Golgotha and he had asked questions about it, but the elders—and his father too—seemed to lose themselves in arm-waving and superlatives. Now he would see it. He reached the rise of the road, his

feet strong and dirty from ninety miles of walking, and he unconsciously pulled the jackass a little faster.

"Are you quiet?" he said. His bride, called Miriam in the Aramean tongue, and Mary in others, jogged sideward on the little animal and said that she was quiet. She felt no pain. This was the fifth day from Nazareth and, from hour to hour, she had progressed from tiredness to fatigue to weariness to the deep anesthesia of exhaustion. She felt nothing. She no longer noticed the chafe of the goat-skin against her leg nor the sway of the food bag on the other side of the animal. Her veiled head hung and she saw millions of pebbles on the road moving by her brown eyes in a blur, pausing, and moving by again with each step of the animal.

Sometimes she felt ill, but she swallowed this feeling

*by Jim Bishop*

## *It was night when Joseph led the donkey with Mary sidesaddle into Bethlehem.*

and concentrated on what a beautiful baby she was about to have and kept thinking about it—the bathing, the oils, the feeding, the tender pressing of the tiny body against her breast—and the sickness went away. Sometimes she murmured the ancient prayers and, for the moment, there was no road and no pebbles and she dwelt on the wonder of God and saw Him in a fleecy cloud, a windowless wall at an inn, a hummock of trees, walking backward in front of her husband, beckoning him on. God was everywhere. It gave Mary confidence to know that He was everywhere. She needed confidence. Mary was fifteen.

Mary had married a carpenter. He had been apprenticed by his father. Now he was nineteen and had his own business. It wasn't much of a business, even for the Galilean country. He was young and, even though he was earnest, he was untried and was prone to mistakes in his calculations. In all of Judea there was little lumber. Some stately cedars grew in the powdery, alkaline soil, but, other than date palms and fig trees and some fruit orchards, it was a bald, hilly country.

A rich priest might afford a house of wood, but most of the people used the substance only to decorate the interior. The houses were of stone, cut from big deposits eighteen inches under the topsoil. It was soft, when first exposed to air, and could be cut with wooden saws into cubes. These were staggered in courses to make a wall. Windows were small and placed high on each wall, so that, daily, squares of sunlight walked slowly across each earthen floor. Mary's house, like the average, was small and set against a hill in Nazareth. At the front, there was a stone doorsill. Over it hung a cloth drape. To enter, the drape was pushed aside.

The interior consisted of two rooms. The front one was Joseph's shop. In it were the work bench, the saws, the augur, the awl, and hammers. There were clean-smelling boards and blond curls of shavings on the floor. In the back room was an earthen oven to the left, three feet wide, six feet long, and two feet high. The cooking was done in the stone-lined interior. The family slept on the earthen top of the oven. On chilly nights, the heat seeped through to warm the sleepers. To the right of the room was a table. There were no chairs because only rich Jews sat to eat, and they had learned this from traveling Greeks. Next to the table was a wooden tether for the ass. He was a member of the family, a most important member because he did the carrying of the raw lumber and the finished products, and he was also the sole means of transportation.

**T**HIS WAS the winter solstice of the year 3790. The gaiety of the Feast of Hanukkah had ended as Joseph and his wife left Nazareth. They had come down from Nazareth through Naim and on down into the valley of the Jordan. It was hot along the valley floor, but the Jews of the upland country seldom risked travel by the direct route through Samaria and Sychar, where the people at the village wells were unfriendly and argumentative.

Each night, when the sun was gone and the road obscure, Joseph led the ass a little way off from the river, away from the road and into a clearing where there was very little brush and few insects, and then he tied the ass, tilted the goatskin until an earthen jar was full of water, and sat. There was not much to talk about. Their minds were troubled with momentous events far beyond their scope of thought; far beyond the rationalization of two simple peasants of the family of David. On the few occasions

when they discussed it, both Mary and Joseph became overwhelmed and shy. They lapsed into silences and Joseph would mend the conversational rip with a question about Mary's family.

Mary was big with the baby, and awkward, but she managed to fetch the food and the bread from the pouch on the near side of the donkey and to set it down as neatly and as appetizingly as possible. There was no meat. Even at home, they never had meat more than once a week. Mostly, it was lamb, chopped into cubes and roasted and then set on a plate beside charoseth and other herbs and fruits.

They slept in the open, saving what little money they had for the day of the baby. Sometimes, when there was no moon, Joseph set the lamp on the ground and Mary removed her veil and brushed the long, dark hair which hung to her waist.

In the morning, with the sun still behind the Mountains of Moab, Joseph arose, adjusted his tunic, and fed the animal. He worked quietly, whispering to the jackass, setting the folded blanket behind the withers, adjusting and balancing the goatskin and the food bag, before awakening his wife.

On the evening of the fourth day, they were at Jericho, a few miles above the Salt Sea and within glance of Mt. Nebo to the east. Joseph wanted to stay at an inn, where they could pay for space on the floor, but Mary begged him not to do it. "This is not an important day," she said. He knew what she meant.

"One does not see a great place like Jericho often," he said softly. "It will be just as well if we eat at an inn and, as you say, sleep in the fields." He looked away. "I was thinking of you."

In the morning, Joseph led Mary and the ass into the wilderness, and it was twenty miles to Bethany and, from there, three to the heart of Jerusalem. A man with a club-foot could walk it, leading an animal and a woman, before sundown. The wilderness is a barren place in the mountains, where nothing of consequence grows and the tiny peaks look alike, ocher and white and chalky, a place where bandits await the ornate sedan chairs and the sun smites the walker until the sweat itches his legs and softens the straps of his sandals.

Joseph stopped at the top of the rise. "Jerusalem," he said, pointing. Mary looked. The wonderment of what she saw caused her nausea to fade. The eyes lost the glazed look. She had heard her father describe this place when she was a little girl. A glance told her that the poor man did not know how to make anyone see Jerusalem. Joseph opened his mouth to speak, but what his eyes saw made his mind drunk and paralyzed his tongue.

It was a thing to see. The late sun was ahead, across the hill behind Jerusalem. The city was a white jewel pronged by the great stone wall around it. Joseph pulled the ass to the side of the road because the pilgrims behind him were shouting. Without turning from the scene, he moved back along the flank of the ass until he touched Mary's hand. "Jerusalem," he said again. He said it as though it was an earthly anteroom to paradise, as indeed it was.

The sun would be gone in ten minutes and there was much to see, because he could not stay in Jerusalem. His destination, Bethlehem, was still five miles to the south, but

**JIM BISHOP**, author of *The Day Christ Died* and *The Day Lincoln Was Shot*, has written many articles for *THE SIGN*. The Nativity painting which illustrates this article is reproduced with the permission of the Pierpont Morgan Library, New York.

## *There was no room at the inn, so Jesus was born in a nearby cave below the town*

he did not mind the night walk if he could stop a moment and drink in all of this and remember it when he was old as sharply as though he were still standing on the side of the Mount of Olives, directly above a little olive press called Gethsemane.

His eyes, and Mary's too, moved in little, darting glances, and they longed to exclaim to each other but there were no words. This was where God lived.

Below was the Valley of Cedron, with the full, little river running cold below the east wall of the temple. Gray-blue smoke hung still in the sky over the temple proper. These were the last sacrifices of the day, the last baby lambs on the altar.

The Porch of Solomon faced them, the marble walk and Corinthian columns gleaming like teeth in a 700-foot mouth. Down the side of the great temple was the snowy, stone wall, hung with a cluster of gold grapes four stories high. In the valley, the Golden Gate and the Fountain Gate slowly regurgitated the last of the temple pilgrims for the day. From their height, Mary and Joseph could look across the enclosed city and see Herod's palace on the far side, a little south of the place called Golgotha.

"Darkness is upon us," said Mary. She had a feeling of foreboding. She wanted to proceed to Bethlehem for no reason other than that she was trembling and the baby was unusually quiet. Joseph led the ass westward into the valley and across the little wooden bridge over the Cedron and beneath the great wall of the city and then by the Valley of Hinnom and on up into the hills between Jerusalem and Bethlehem.

It was soon night and moonless. Joseph treaded slowly, stumbling on stones underfoot and wondering how much of a man he would be if brigands sprang out of the dark. There was little traffic on the road; a few transients who lived near Jerusalem hurried by, trying to reach home without spending an extra night under the stars.

Something happened suddenly to Mary and she knew in a moment that this would be the night of the baby. She asked Joseph to stop and he became alarmed and asked if she was unquiet. "No," she said. "I feel no pain, but we must find an inn. The baby—with God's help—will be born tonight."

Joseph was frightened. He knew nothing of these things.

**T**HE THINKING Mary did about the events leading to this night were a kaleidoscope of happy and mysterious and supernatural things calculated to unnerve the most serene young lady in the world. To have a first baby is, in itself, a towering, wordless joy, a living proof of the most common miracle, a sad tenderness to constrict the heart and mist the eyes. To give birth to a first born who is God and the Son of God and the Second Person of the Holy Trinity is, at age fifteen or any greater age, a greater responsibility than any man ever bore, an enormity of weight which could be maintained only by one too young to appreciate it to its fullest.

Mary was born and raised in Nazareth, the child of an average family. She played on the streets, as the other children did, and she was subject to the average parental discipline. Joseph knew her, even though he was four years older. All houses in Nazareth were in the same neighborhood because it was a small town. The people were knit closely in their daily lives, and the women met in the morning at the village well.

When Mary reached her thirteenth birthday, it was per-

missible to ask for her in marriage. The proper form was followed. Joseph first asked his parents if he could marry Mary. He was seventeen, an apprentice carpenter in the neighborhood and more than a year away from having his own shop. It was assumed that a serious-minded, young Jew of seventeen was a responsible adult.

Joseph's parents discussed the matter of marriage and, in time, paid a formal call on Mary's parents. They engaged in formal discussion. It was necessary, as part of the little ceremonial, to talk of a dowry, but Mary's people had none. Their economic status was no better, no worse, than Joseph's: as long as the man of the house remained in good health, they would not starve.

**W**HEN THE two mothers and two fathers were agreed, the formal betrothal took place. It had the finality of marriage. Once the marriage contract was negotiated, even though the marriage ceremony had not occurred, the bridegroom-to-be could not be rid of his betrothed except through divorce. The formal betrothal, in Judea, also entitled the couple to lawful sexual relations, even though each of the parties was still living at home with the parents. However, in the country of Galilee and south, the people had renounced the privilege, and purity was maintained through the final marriage vows.

Still, if Joseph died between betrothal and marriage, Mary would have been his legal widow. If, in the same period, another man had knowledge of her, Mary would have been punished as an adulteress. The waiting time was spent, according to custom, in shopping for a small home and furniture. The wedding ceremony was almost anticlimactic. A big part of the ceremony was the solemn welcome of the bridegroom to his bride at the door of his new home.

Throughout the engagement, Mary, of course, lived with her parents and accepted the daily chores set out for her. At a time midway between engagement and formal marriage, Mary was alone one day and was visited by the angel Gabriel. She was alarmed, to be sure, but not as frightened as she would have been had she not heard stories of such visits by the elders.

Gabriel stood before her and saw a dark, modest child of fourteen. "Greetings, child of grace," he said. "The Lord is your helper. You are blessed beyond all women." Mary did not like the sound of the last sentence. Her hands began to shake. Why should she, a little country girl, be blessed beyond all women? Did it mean that she was about to die? Was she being taken, perhaps, to a far-off place, never again to see her mother and her father and—and—Joseph?

Gabriel's voice softened. "Do not tremble, Mary," he said. "You have found favor in the eyes of God. Behold: you are to be a mother and to bear a son, and to call Him Jesus. He will be great: 'Son of the Most High' will be His title, and the Lord God will give to Him the throne of his father, David. He will be king over the house of Jacob forever, and to His kingship there will be no end."

The words did not mollify Mary. Vaguely, she understood that she was to be the mother of a king of kings, but who might this be and how could it occur when she was not even married?

"How will this be," she said shyly, "since I am a virgin?"

It was Gabriel's turn to become specific. He stood in soft radiance in the room and explained. "The Holy Spirit will come upon you, and the power of the Most High will overshadow you. For this reason the child to be born will be



acclaimed 'Holy' and 'Son of God.'" She now understood the words, but they added to her bewilderment. What the angel was saying, she reasoned, was something for which the Jews had been waiting for centuries: A messias, a saviour, God come to earth as He had promised long ago. Mary shook her head. Not to her. Not to her.

Gabriel sensed that the child needed more proof. "Note, moreover," he said, "your relative Elizabeth, in her old age, has also conceived a son and is now in her sixth month—she who was called 'the barren.' Nothing indeed is impossible with God."

Her eyes lowered to the earthen floor, and her head inclined too. She comprehended. She also understood that the angel had told her about her cousin Elizabeth, whom she had not seen in some time, so that the fruitfulness of her kinswoman would be the earthly seal of proof to the heavenly words. She, a young virgin, was to be blessed by the Holy Spirit and she would bear a male child who would be God. It was an enormous honor, but she had been taught to accept and obey the will of God from the first moments of early understanding.

"Regard me as the humble servant of the Lord," she murmured. "May all that you have said be fulfilled in me."

The angel stood before her in silence, fading slowly from her vision bit by bit until all that was visible was the wall. Exultation came and it was transmuted to anguish. It was not a dream. Or was it? Could one dream, standing wide-awake in one's house?

No, it was not a dream. She knew that it could not be, because she could not have devised the words that Gabriel used. Now, for a moment, she had trouble remembering them. She wrung her hands and prayed for recollection. Full recollection. She had to know every word and, more important, to understand every word. She prayed and thought and prayed and, little by little, the words and phrases returned until, like a familiar litany, she could recite them without hesitation.

Surely, she thought, Joseph would know. He was her intended husband. The angel would have to tell Joseph. If he didn't, then what would Joseph think when she became great with child and he knew that the baby was not his? Oh yes, the angel would surely tell Joseph.

Within a few days, Mary asked, as casually as possible, for permission to visit her cousin Elizabeth. Her mother thought of it as a touching sign of devotion and sent her off with a family traveling south to Judea. The young virgin said nothing to anyone about her secret; some of the time she seemed to her friends to be lost in a reverie.

**E**LIZABETH was gray and wrinkled and had spent many years in the balcony of the synagogue asking God for a child. Her husband, Zachary, was a priest, a small-town teacher who had once been selected by the great priests of Jerusalem to be the one to enter the Holy. He felt sorrier for his Elizabeth than he did for himself in the matter of childlessness. He understood the natural maternal feelings of Elizabeth and, unknown to her, he had prayed again and again for a child.

Sometime before the visit of Mary, the angel Gabriel had appeared before the old man and told him that God had answered his prayers. Elizabeth would give birth to a son in June, and she must call him John. Someday in the distant future he would be called the Baptist, and he would go ahead of the messias, preaching and baptizing as he went. The angel told Zachary more. Much more.

Elizabeth was standing in her doorway as Mary came up the walk. It was as though she had expected the visit. Elizabeth felt her baby move within her and, in raising her

hand in greeting, suddenly burst into tears: "Blessed are you," she said, "beyond all women. And blessed is the fruit of your womb!"

Mary stopped, part way to the door. Her mouth hung open. She could not speak. Elizabeth knew! Elizabeth knew the secret! Elizabeth wiped her eyes and tried to smile. "How privileged am I," she said, "to have the mother of my Lord come to visit me. Hear me now: as the sound of your greeting fell upon my ears, the babe in my womb leaped for joy! Happy is she who believed that what was told her on behalf of the Lord would be fulfilled."

The last sentence was a quasi-warning for the young girl to erase all doubt from her mind and become reconciled to the greatest duty of all ages. Mary had not doubted. She had believed the words, but she could not convince herself that she was the one, of all women on earth, selected to bear the Baby. Now she was convinced. She no longer tried to divorce her person from the prophecy. She had told no one of the secret, and here cousin Elizabeth not only knew about it, but was pregnant exactly as the angel said she would be.

**W**HEN MARY returned home, she saw her husband-to-be. She decided, from his attitude, that he knew nothing of the great secret. She would not marry him without telling something of it.

"I'm going to have a baby," she said. The shock to Joseph was beyond measure. Throughout the courtship, his intended bride had worn an aura of innocence; he was painfully conscious of her lack of knowledge. She had gone away three months ago, and now she returned to say that she was pregnant.

It is impossible to read the depths of sorrow in both hearts. He looked at her tenderly and she offered no word of explanation. She looked away from him and wished that she might tell everything. The baby was going to need a foster father—who better than the man she loved, the gentle and pious and patient Joseph?

On the tip of her tongue, Mary had the greatest secret of all history. She could not unlock her tongue. Joseph went away from her to think. Of the two, he was the more pitiable. He loved this girl with all his heart, and he had had visions of a long and fruitful life with her. Now, he felt, she had betrayed him and he could not understand the betrayal, nor even force himself to believe that it was true.

Joseph kept his awful secret. He could divorce her publicly. If he did this, he would be impelled to tell the elders the reason. In that case, they would ask Mary if she was with child. If she said yes, Joseph would have to swear that he was "without knowledge of her." The priests would adjudge her to be an adulteress. There was only one penalty for this crime: stoning.

Joseph was being put to a test. He did not want Mary to die. He loved her. He could, under the law, pay money to put her away, to have her sent to some remote place. There, she could have her baby and remain. A third possibility would be for Joseph to swallow his pride, proceed with the wedding, and hope that there would not be too much comment in the town over a six months baby.

He was dwelling upon the possibilities one night in bed. Suddenly, the carpenter made up his mind. He would put Mary away privately. It would break his heart, and he knew that he could not love anyone else, but it would be just and, at the same time, merciful.

Within a few moments after the decision was reached,

(Continued on page 73)



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# Stranger in Japan



Father Carl Schmitz, C.P., returns a respectful greeting

A century has passed since the rebirth of the Catholic Church in Japan, where St. Francis Xavier first planted the Faith in 1549. Although Xavier planted deeply, savage persecution followed, virtually wiping out Catholicism. The American, Commodore Perry, opened Japan to the modern era and Western commerce and, when the first priests arrived in the country in 1859, they found that Christ was a stranger in Japan. For years, Christianity was only tolerated

by the Japanese government and it was not until 1889 that Christian missionaries were free to preach throughout the land. Conversions blossomed after World War II, but the magnitude of the task ahead is outlined by just two figures: among 91 million people, there are only a quarter of a million Catholics.

Foreigners no longer head the Church in Japan, but foreign missionaries are still needed. One of the 1,208 there is Father Carl Schmitz, C.P., pastor in Ikeda.



Appealing children cluster about Father Carl in the parish nursery. Young are hope of Church in Japan. Below, he observes custom of removing shoes before entering a Japanese home



A young man, considering religious vocation, comes to Father Carl for advice. Catholic influence is more than statistics indicate



Father Carl  
English  
a Catholic  
as well  
Student  
and  
of





Father Carl's classes in English enable him to make a cultural contribution as well as obtain contacts. Students are mainly pagan and have "pathetic" lack of religious knowledge

*No matter how long a foreign missionary is in Japan  
he is still an "outsider." He can pierce the outer shell of the  
people but he can never get to the core of them*

Soon after the American Passionists established a monastery in Japan in 1953, Father Carl, a 42-year-old Chicagoan, began studying Japanese at Franciscan Language School in Tokyo. When he opened a parish in Ikeda, a suburb of Osaka, there were 75 parishioners in a 150-square-mile area. The first church was an old home where the faithful knelt, in their manner, on thick straw mats. Father Carl opened a day nursery for the children of working parents; the Sisters of St. Joseph operate it. He conducts a weekly English class, preaches retreats at the Passionist Lay Retreat House, and journeys long distances, bringing the Sacraments and encouraging prospective converts. Four years after the Ikeda parish opened, the number of Catholics had grown to 235; three girls entered the convent and one young man the seminary. Japanese converts, says Father Carl, must overcome the stern opposition of family and friends. Despite this, Catholics in Japan multiplied by 100 per cent in the past decade. There are now nearly 400 Japanese priests and 242 major seminarians.

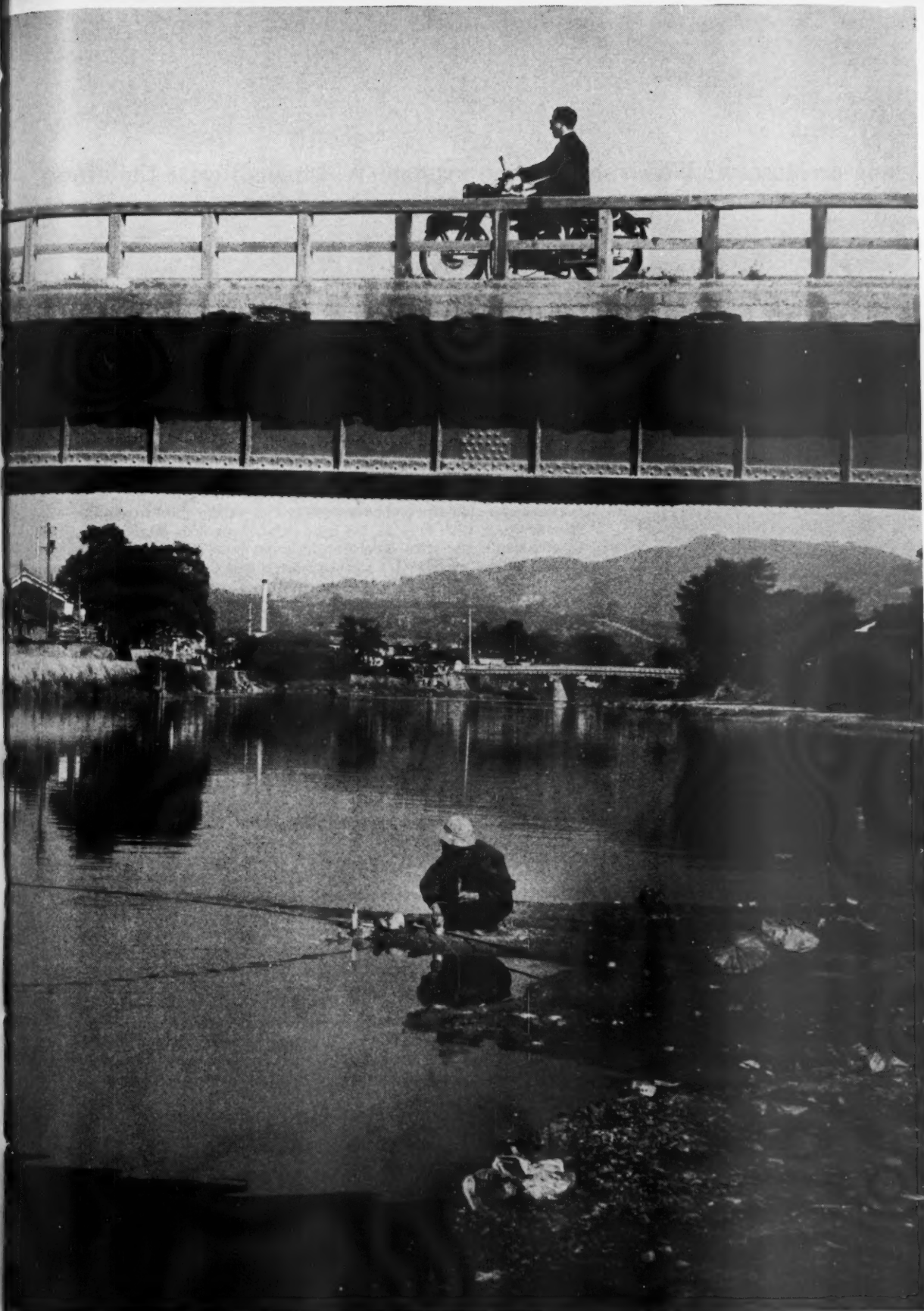
*"A Roman collar doesn't mean  
much here; a priest is judged by  
the kind of individual he is"*

Father Carl is aware that he is always on display. The only time he can relax is when he is alone. "The Japanese are impressed more by what they see than what they hear," he says. "An example of Christ-like kindness speaks much louder than words." Oriental imperviousness to the cares of others disturbs him. One day he noticed people ignoring a moaning woman; in her pagan belief she was inconsolable at the death of her husband. "At times like this, the missionary knows how much he is needed."



Father Carl administers Baptism, hears confession in a home, gives Holy Communion to a sick girl, then provides a striking photo as he sets out to tour parish on a hardy motorcycle, "Christopher"





Peking or Moscow? Which shall be the master? Which shall wear the crown?

## Russia's Big Brother



*New China learns a new alphabet*

Shortly after the first Russian Sputnik was safely in orbit, the chief Soviet delegate to an international scientific conference in Geneva turned to his American counterpart and, with a contemptuous smile, commented: "It's unfortunate you Americans don't know Russian, especially since it's soon to be the language of science."

The American shot back through a sly grin: "Oh, I wouldn't worry, if I were you; we'll all be speaking Chinese in twenty-five years, anyhow."

The Russian's confident composure fell and he stalked angrily from the room. The reality of what may be the most critical problem of the closing half of the twentieth century has been brought home to the Soviets—and they don't like it. The problem: Red China—Soviet Russia's Asian image, ally, and budding "big brother" of Soviet Communism.

As the Free World looks on with fear and fascination at the ruthless Red Chinese attempts to throttle their own people, the Soviet Communists, those most equal among equals of world Communism, have paused for the first time to consider what manner of "satellite" they have espoused.

No better indication of Soviet concern exists than in the rapid-fire visit of Russia's Khrushchev to Red China immediately following his controversial tour of the United States.

The visit to Peking, officially keyed to the noisy celebrations of Chinese Communism's tenth anniversary in power, was in reality an obvious opportunity to explain the U.S. trip to the completely unenthusiastic Peking Reds who had consistently and rather sourly downplayed the tour in their controlled press.

Soviet efforts to convince the Chinese that their hard-bitten course was wrong apparently had not succeeded by the time Khrushchev left China on October 3. Mr. K's pleas were, in fact, censored in the widely heard home-service broadcasts. Especially evident by its absence on the Chinese radio was the Soviet leader's plea against the use of force to test capitalism as well as Khrushchev's friendly words for President Eisenhower.

The first, full-blown indication that the servant-master relation of Peking to Moscow was not all it should be came a year ago last summer when Khrushchev, alarmed at U.S. determination and involvement in the Lebanese situation, called for a "summit conference" with India in attendance to solve the "problem." By July 27, the Chinese Communist press had made it quite clear that the inclusion of India and the exclusion of Red China at any "summit" was completely unacceptable and, therefore, the Chinese argued, there was to be no such meeting. By the end of July, prospects for a summit meeting had collapsed, and a worried Khrushchev found it necessary to fly to Peking to soothe the disturbed and decidedly annoyed Mao Tse-tung, Communist party boss of Red China.

By August, following Khrushchev's visit to Peking, a joint Sino-Soviet communiqué was issued which indicated a significant change in Russian-Chinese

**BY ROBERT FINLEY DELANEY**



Confident and dangerous, Peking increases her challenge to anxious Moscow

# RED CHINA

relations. From here on out, the communiqué announced, both countries had "decided to ensure continued, all-around development of the comprehensive co-operation between (them) and to strengthen still further the unity of the Socialist camp." Henceforth, it would seem the Russians had better check with the Red Chinese before going it alone on matters of foreign policy.

Thus, after a brief ten years in the Socialist fold, did Red China draw abreast of the somewhat shaken Moscow "leadership" of international Communism. In forty years of world revolution, never before had such a demand, so heavy with implications for a voice in Russian policy, been made and carried off.

Like any other complex problem, Sino-Soviet relations have a past, a decided present, and a future which bodes no good either for Moscow or the Free World.

The beginnings of Sino-Soviet discord are actually to be found in the ideology of Communism. For the senior partner, the USSR, it was dogma, set by Lenin and Stalin, that the Communist Revolution must come to power through the action of the downtrodden, industrialized masses—the proletariat. It was to be the workers, led, of course, by the ever-present Communist Party vanguard, who would show the way.

But China, that tremendously large, populous, underdeveloped land, predominantly rural in social and economic outlook, was conquered from within by a Communist hard core basically peasant in composition. From the outset of their respective revolutions, a basic distinction obtained between Russian and Chinese Communism, one which set Mao Tse-tung apart as a Communist theoretician and a Chinese hero to rival Stalin.

The strange, and frightening, face of Red China can be understood only against a background of hatred for foreign intervention in Chinese affairs, a surging nationalistic chauvinism which sees a restoration of Oriental greatness (Peking style) through the systematic expulsion and defeat of non-Asians, and a Chinese Communist tradition of isolation brought on by decades of civil war during which time Mao developed his own famous theories on war and state power.

The Communist Party of China came to power with a nod to Moscow's exalted status and a desire to share experiences which meant, so far as Mao was concerned, "we'll need and use your aid, but don't expect us to become another satellite."

Because the Chinese Communist revolution was agrarian and followed in time the Russian revolution, the assumption of Red power in China was considered peculiarly Chinese. And, as such, Soviet attempts to exercise control and otherwise to cash in on Mao's triumph were resisted, first slowly, then with boldness.

But the USSR tried. Immediately following the Red takeover in China in 1950, the Soviets created a series of joint-stock companies designed to bleed



*Lunchtime for rifle-carrying farmers*

China of her natural resources, just as the USSR had done in eastern Europe. But by 1955, the Chinese had regained full control of their economic life and in the bargain nicked the Soviets \$2.2 billion in financial and military aid.

The Chinese even "negotiated" a Soviet troop withdrawal from the vital northern Port Arthur area, a feat not one European satellite of the USSR has accomplished even, as in the case of Hungary, at the risk of national suicide.

The really sore spot in Sino-Soviet border arguments is Outer Mongolia. A traditional interest in this barren empty borderland with Soviet territory has always been manifested by densely populated China. But a weak, divided China was helpless to prevent the USSR from taking it over as early as 1921. The present Chinese Communist goal seems to be a loosening of the long-held Soviet monopoly without initiating new friction with the Russians over the area.

Shortly after Mao's rise to power in China, Moscow slogans at a May Day rally declared that "the fraternal states of the Socialist camp of peace, led by the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, extended greetings to their brothers in China building Socialism."

This greeting cost the Soviets plenty. In 1950, the Russians, at the expense of their own standard of living, contributed 156 factories to China, complete with technicians. This was followed by financial aid in the amount of \$130 million, only to be topped by over a billion and a half dollars more.

Then suddenly, late in 1956, the money and aid began to dry up. Russian technical know-how and advisers, in lieu of money and material, were but passing consolation for an economically primitive nation engaged in what the Reds termed "the great leap forward." Chinese annoyance at being shut off financially was compounded by the reality that Soviet advisers were not altogether popular; their conduct resembled conquerors rather than "fraternal brothers." And, as if this were not enough, the Red Chinese were threatened with a serious loss of face in Asia because of this Soviet stoppage of funds. For the Chinese Reds had brazenly used a portion of Soviet assistance to commence a foreign-aid program of their own by granting credits and loans to underdeveloped nations. This economic propaganda effort would have to cease, for Mao had no funds of his own to disperse.

Red Chinese bitterness sought reasons for this situation. Mao and his Prime Minister, Chou En-Lai, found an answer in Soviet mismanagement of its Eastern European satellites: an uprising in Hungary, threatened revolt in Go-

mulka's Poland, sullenness and ferment elsewhere in the Bloc.

This discovery of Soviet imperfection, coupled with long-standing Chinese skepticism regarding Moscow's ideological finesse, and now a serious economic disappointment at seeing European satellites receive the aid that Red China might have received brought forth a remarkable, long-reaching Red Chinese initiative. For the first time in centuries, China intervened in European affairs.

The Red Chinese, as if to flaunt their independence, hit Moscow where it hurt. They suggested Poland might well seek more independence from the Soviet Union. They attacked the "great-power imperialism" of those who could permit Marxian wrongdoing in Hungary, meaning, of course, the USSR.

**P**EKING remained miffed at what it considered Moscow's clumsy, uncontrolled "thaw," which endangered Communist control mechanisms everywhere. Furthermore, the Soviet effort, albeit false, to paint an international picture of relaxation and co-existence met with little enthusiasm in Red China.

As if to compound Moscow's anxiety, Red Foreign Minister Chen Yi announced on May 11, 1958, without prior consultation with the Kremlin, that Communist China intended to become an atomic power, but no direct reference was made as to how this step into Great Power circles was to be accomplished. The announcement startled Moscow, then engaged in slowly progressing international negotiations designed to place nuclear testing under supervision and control. Tito's rancor at Soviet weakness in the face of continuing Chinese anti-Titoism led him in turn at this time to reveal dramatically that "certain Chinese leaders" were talking in terms of the survival of at least 300 million Chinese following a nuclear war.

The impact of this revelation was immediately apparent in Moscow. How many Russians would survive such a holocaust? By no means would there be 300 million Soviet survivors, since today there simply are not that many people in the USSR.

But the Red Chinese issue which holds the most serious concern for Soviet Russia is the rise of China as the first of the Communist nations. This may seem strange, for we understand China to be Communist already. She is not. As the USSR is careful to

indicate, the entire Soviet Bloc is in a period of "transition to Communism from Socialism" paced by the USSR. The Soviet idea of this transition has never been clearly elaborated, and all Communists know it is one of the most difficult theoretical questions.

The Chinese Communists have no such misgivings. In August, 1958, a Party decree gave a clear, political, ideological definition of the means of transition to Communism. It was to be accomplished by the instrument of the people's communes—that devilish reorganization of the basic units of society, particularly the family, designed to communize not only economic affairs but practically the whole of life. Through the development and functioning of communes, complete Communism would come to China. The Chinese went on to predict the accomplishment of this monumental effort within a decade, although of late Peking has been a little more circumspect as to timing.

This Chinese prediction strikes directly at the heart of Soviet domination of the Bloc. For Peking has raised deliberately the possibility that the Chinese Reds will achieve the ideal Communist state in advance of the current leader, the USSR. In this manner, the ideological *raison d'être* of Kremlin leadership is destroyed. For if China is to arrive at Communism first, why follow Moscow?

Moscow has tried in fact to cover up the seriousness of the Chinese challenge, using as the vehicle the forum of the recently concluded twenty-first Congress of the Soviet Communist Party. Repayable credits in the amount of \$1.2 billion were magnanimously extended China. The Peking Reds, in cynical acceptance, consented publicly to acknowledge the ideological "leadership" of the Soviet Union. In so doing, observers were quick to note that neither Mao Tse-tung nor Liu Shao-Chi, the two top Chinese leaders, deemed it necessary to be present at this command performance of world Communism. And, as if to prove the strength of the Peking position, the Chinese Reds, since the Congress, have been able doctrinally to force the USSR to admit that at the very least all Bloc nations would enter the stage of Communism at approximately the same time.

It seems increasingly probable today that the framework of world Communism is being prepared for a tremendous competition between an anxious Moscow and a confident, dangerous Peking. Watching all this, we in the West can well sit and wonder whether in fact it isn't already correct to say "Russia's Big Brother, Red China!"

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ROBERT F. DELANEY, author of the recently published *This is Communist Hungary*, is an officer in the U. S. Foreign Service

Ireland's new premier wants his nation to have  
a sound economy and growing population

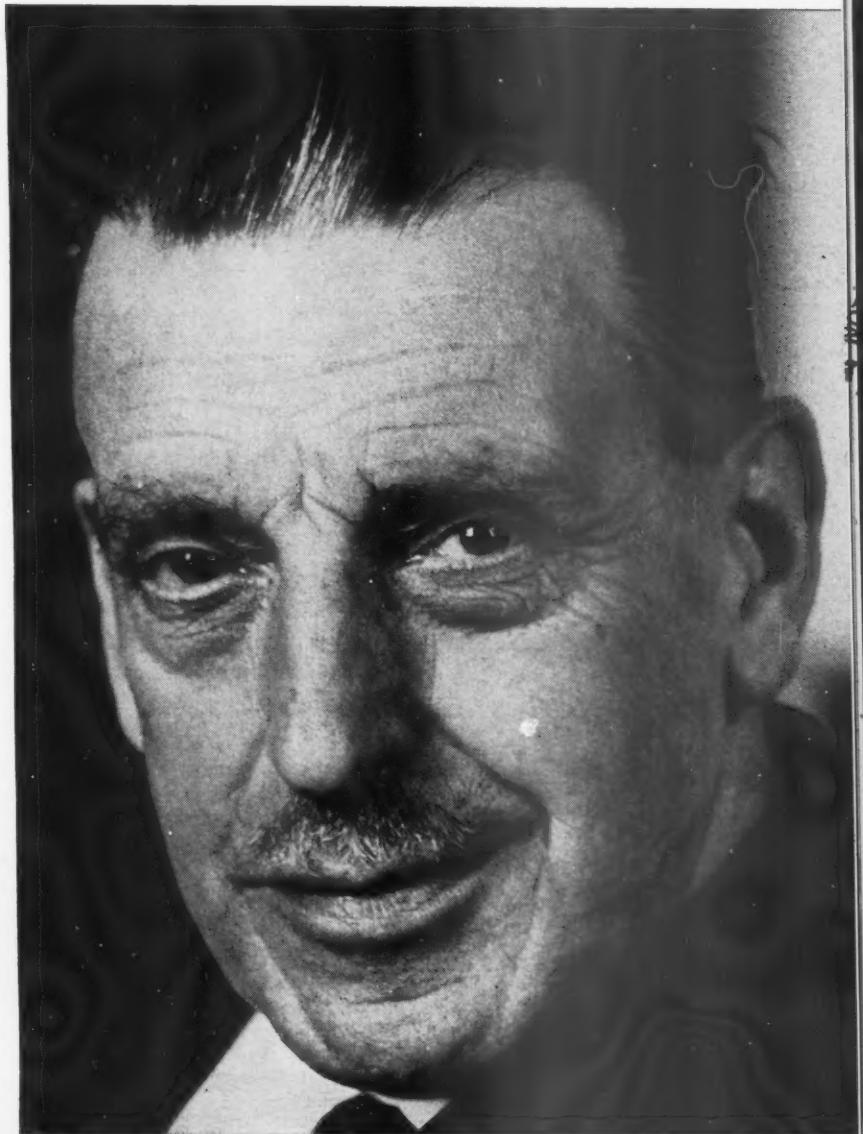
BY HUGH G. SMITH

## HE RUNS IRELAND LIKE A BUSINESS

WITH MR. SEAN LEMASS at its head, the Republic of Ireland is being run today as a business concern. While he has due respect for the Gaelic tradition and all that goes with it, Ireland's new Premier, or Taoiseach (pronounced Tee-Shock), is above all a realist and a practical man of affairs, who believes that the most urgent necessity is to create a sound Irish economy in which young people will no longer have to emigrate in their thousands to Britain or the United States. Within the old Republican framework, he is trying hard to build a new, progressive Irish nation. To him a Gaelic-speaking, impoverished Ireland, denuded of the best of its youth, is unthinkable. His ideal is a state inspired by the insurrection of 1916 but in which industry and agriculture are flourishing and the Republic's population increasing. He has the mind and ability of a top-flight business executive who, if he had not entered politics, would be a wealthy leader of commerce.

This sixty-year-old man with the strong, tanned face, deep and friendly but searching brown eyes, and jet black hair, is far removed from an Irish dreamer living in an aura of Celtic twilight. He looks more like a man in his middle fifties and moves and speaks with a brisk energy indicative of dynamic reserves.

Generations back, the Lemass family was of French extraction, but Sean Lemass is a real Dubliner with a warm affection for his native city. When he left the Christian Brothers' school where he received his early education and went behind the counter of his father's drapery and hat store, the winds of revolution were already blowing through the Irish capital, and Sean and his brother Noel got caught up in them. His mind was less on the merchandise he was selling than on the green-uniformed Irish Volunteers, then drilling



*Sean Lemass, at sixty, head of Irish State*



and training all over Dublin. He was soon in the thick of it, and as a boy of fifteen years joined a battalion of the Volunteers with a lanky, professorial type of young man named Eamon de Valera as its Commandant.

Nine months later, when Commandant-General Patrick Pearse and his Headquarters Staff marched into the General Post Office in O'Connell Street to start the Insurrection on that historic Easter Monday of 1916, the boy Sean Lemass marched in with them and was there to the end. He saw the green, white, and orange flag of the Irish Republic being hoisted over the G.P.O., heard the famous Proclamation being read, and at the close of that memorable week saw O'Connell Street in flames as the Volunteers surrendered to the British. Because of his youth, Volunteer Lemass was not sent for internment in an English prison but was released after a few weeks' detention.

For a brief spell, young Sean was back as a clerk in his father's store, but when the war against the British began again he was out with his brother Noel fighting against the Black and Tans. Then came the Anglo-Irish Treaty and the disastrous split in the Republican movement in which De Valera opposed ratification of the Treaty negotiated by Arthur Griffith and Michael Collins. Sean Lemass took his stand with De Valera in the bitter civil war which followed and was in the Four Courts Garrison when it was attacked by Irish Free State troops. On the surrender of the Garrison following a heavy bombardment, he was taken prisoner but succeeded later in escaping. He then joined De Valera's Field Headquarters.

**T**OWARD THE end of 1925, when Irish Republicanism was in the doldrums and Sinn Féin as a political force was at its lowest ebb, Lemass, then a young man of twenty-five, suggested to De Valera the idea of launching a new republican party to be known as Fianna Fail, or the Soldiers of Destiny. The name Fianna was taken from the heroes of Irish mythology. After much thought, De Valera agreed, and from a modest office in Mount Street Crescent Sean Lemass began slowly and methodically to build what ultimately became the greatest political party machine Ireland has ever known.

In these formative years, Mr. Lemass traveled over every county and into the smallest towns and villages, forming branches of the new Party. "I learned to know every little road in the country and the smallest villages during those organizing days," he will tell you. He inspired others with some-

thing of his own drive and thoroughness, and by 1932 the powerful party organization he had created swept De Valera into power. On the formation of Dev's Cabinet, Sean Lemass was named Fianna Fail's first Minister for Industry and Commerce. Then only thirty-three, he was the youngest cabinet minister in Europe.

Besides launching Fianna Fail in his twenty-fifth year, the future Premier also took to himself a wife. The leading merchants of Dublin were accustomed to take their families in the summer to the beaches at Skerries, Bray, Greystones, and other places along County Dublin's lovely east coast. The Lemass and the Hughes families took a house at Skerries for the summer months. It was through the happy social relationships of these Dublin families at Skerries that Sean Lemass met his future wife, then Miss Kathleen Hughes.

Like most Dubliners, Sean Lemass is a man of solid but unostentatious piety. On Sunday mornings he attends Mass with his wife at the newly built Church of the Good Shepherd near his home, where Mrs. Lemass and their three daughters take a very active part in the work of the parish.

In July of this year, just after Mr. Lemass' election as Premier, one of the prettiest weddings of the season took place in this lovely little church when Sheila, the youngest of the Lemass three daughters, married John O'Connor, a prominent commercial representative. Maureen, who is the eldest daughter of the family, is married to accountant Charles Haughey, a member of Dail Eireann. Peggy, second eldest, is married to Captain John O'Brien, an officer of the Irish Army. Noel, the son of the family and also a Dail Deputy, is married and has three children. At family get-togethers in the Premier's home, the house is filled with the laughter and turbulence of seven grandchildren.

That men of such dissimilar types as President De Valera and Premier Lemass should have been such close friends and collaborators is one of the wonders of Irish political life. De Valera, very much the aloof scholar and Gaelic idealist, Chancellor of the National University, never really got close to the people. Unlike Sean Lemass, he never had a golf handicap or was known to go racing "and put a bit on a horse." Dev never smoked, and even the invention of that delectable concoction

of black coffee, Irish whiskey, and cream known as "Irish Coffee" has never induced him to take alcohol. Dev with all his virtues belongs to the archangels, while Sean with his love of a pipe, his fondness for golf and the horses, is human. That is how most Irishmen see the two leaders in contrast.

Lemass' speeches since he became Prime Minister have sent his stock rocketing. One of his first talks embodied a bold and statesmanlike gesture of good will to the people of Northern Ireland. He offered to set up a committee of top-level officials from both North and South Ireland to promote mutual trade and boost tourism on an all-Ireland basis. As a solution of the partition problem he urged the creation of a federal parliament for Northern Ireland as part of an all-Ireland parliamentary system. When the concession of a tax remission to Denmark on its bacon exports was offered recently to that country by Britain and Irish farmers became worried, Premier Lemass flew to London to discuss the matter with Premier Harold Macmillan. This is something Irish farmers appreciated and which incidentally helped to refute the contention of political opponents that the new Premier was more interested in industry than in agriculture.

**L**EMASS is the architect of the industrial Ireland of today. In the face of strong criticism, he gave native industrialists the protection of high tariffs within which to build up their enterprises. A few abused their protective privileges and produced below-standard goods sold at inflated prices, but the net results of his work from 1932 to 1939 were good.

The coming of World War II in 1939 halted further industrial developments, and Sean Lemass then became Minister for Supplies, entrusted with the difficult task of keeping the Republic going in essential food supplies and raw materials. Even his political opponents paid tribute to the brilliant job he did under the most trying and critical conditions. But the war impressed upon him the almost parlous state in which Ireland, as an island country, had left itself through having no mercantile shipping fleet of its own, and one of the first tasks he set himself when peace came was to establish a native-owned concern known as Irish Shipping Limited, which has given the Republic a fleet of Irish ships and is a self-supporting venture.

Of many achievements to his credit, perhaps the most outstanding has been his foresight in bringing this small island country into world aviation. The

Dublin journalist **HUGH G. SMITH** is the New York Times correspondent in Ireland.

airports of Shannon and Dublin, and the efficiently run Irish Air Line services operating today from Dublin to many parts of Europe, are monuments to the genius of the man. His first efforts to launch an Irish North Atlantic air service were thwarted when an Inter-Party Government came into power and sold, at a handsome profit, the Constellations his Ministry had purchased. Now, with Ireland operating a charter transatlantic service, he has even more faith in his idea that Ireland must fly to the west as well as eastward to Europe. And so his Government has taken the plunge of investing some three million pounds in the purchase of three Boeing 707 jet airliners which should be in commission by early 1961.

Former President William T. Cosgrave's administration in the first decade of Irish freedom gave the country its first great hydro-electric station on the Shannon at Limerick and provided Ireland's first beet sugar factories. Under Mr. Lemass' Ministry, the Rivers Liffey in Dublin and the Lee at Cork have been harnessed to provide additional hydro-electric stations, with peat-burning generating stations erected in many parts of the country. More beet sugar factories have been opened, so that the Republic is producing virtually all the sugar it needs from beets grown by Irish farmers.

In the early days of the Abbey Theatre, plays of rural Ireland quaintly spoke of "the mists that do be coming over the bogs," but there is something more than insubstantial Celtic mists coming from the brown peat bogs of Ireland these days as a result of the revolution carried out by the Irish Turf Board, set up by Mr. Lemass and directed by Dr. Tod Andrews, a man who has won European fame for his exploitation of peat. Today the great cooling towers near several of the bogs where peat-burning electricity stations have been established are landmarks in the Irish midlands. Instead of the old hand-won peat sods with which the women in the golden-thatched cottages baked their toothsome soda bread, Dr. Andrews has evolved a new kind of machine-made peat briquette, which has brought peat into the fashionable homes as a high grade and clean-to-handle domestic fuel for use in open fireplaces. Ireland's development of her bogs has been so scientifically important that peat research groups from Soviet Russia, Sweden, Denmark, Britain, and Northern Ireland have come to study for themselves the unique techniques and machinery produced by native brains to achieve such results.

In the past two years, Mr. Lemass

*(Continued on page 78)*

World aviation, shipping, mining, oil refining, sugar factories, and new processing for peat are among Lemass' major industrial achievements



PHOTOS BY JACQUES LOWE

*Companion-teacher Anne Bancroft helps the young Helen Keller (Patty Duke) in "The Miracle Worker"*

# Stage and Screen

by Jerry Cotter

## **A Memorable Drama**

**THE MIRACLE WORKER** seems destined for a sizable portion of this season's theater awards. It is a memorable and intensely moving study of Helen Keller's early years and the young woman who guided her out of a world of darkness. This four-way achievement by author, director, producer, and star is a play you will not soon forget.

Anne Bancroft plays Annie Sullivan, a resourceful, sensitive, indomitable woman who is hired to serve as companion-teacher for a child of eight. The girl is Helen Keller, struggling under the terrifying handicaps of blindness, muteness, and deafness. Alone in a dark, lost world, the child has become a problem to all around her, moody, frustrated, and rebellious.

Annie Sullivan had known the world of darkness well, for she had been temporarily blind herself. She was therefore able to understand the fears and the problems which beset the little girl. Slowly but firmly, she led the child out of the lonely abyss into the light of friendship and faith.

While such a situation is crammed with dramatic values and incident, it requires truly superior ability to translate them into substantial theater terms. That has been accomplished through the collaboration of producer Fred Coe, author William Gibson, director Norman Penn, and Miss Bancroft. This same quartet was responsible for *Two for the Seesaw*, a clever, successful, though morally askew charade. They are on much firmer ground this time, and their efforts pay off handsomely.



Though the major thespic honors belong to Miss Bancroft, there is a splendid performance by Patty Duke, as the afflicted child, and Patricia Neal is impressive as her devoted mother. There is sentiment and humor, plus gripping drama, in this truly memorable study.

## **Movie Reviews in Brief**

**CAREER** suffers from a narcissus complex. It is a love letter to the "dedicated" people of the theater, self-conscious, self-absorbed, and only occasionally original. Primarily, it is the study of a young man who devotes the best years of his life to a struggle for recognition as an actor. To support himself he is a waiter by day, so that his nights may be free to taste the melancholy success of the loft and basement showshops off-Broadway. Two marriages, a spell of service in Korea, and youth spin by, until after fifteen years he sees his name spelled out in lights on a side street marquee. Anthony Franciosa plays the actor with a degree of conviction, and Dean Martin is competent as a director who was a Communist at one time because "I was ambitious." Shirley MacLaine, Carolyn Jones, and Joan Blackman are less believable as the girls involved in this somber drama of blind dedication. It offers little of interest or value to the discriminating adult. (Paramount)

The journalistic symbol denoting the end of a story -30- is used by Jack Webb as the title of his latest semidocumentary movie. Abandoning police work and jazz for the city room, Webb presents a familiar figure to the audience, for there is





Submarine skipper Cary Grant watches as Army nurse Joan O'Brien fishes for a vitamin pill in "Operation Petticoat"



In "The Wreck of the Mary Deare," captains Charlton Heston and Gary Cooper testify at a Court of Inquiry hearing

a bit of Sgt. Friday and of Pete Kelly, too, in his portrayal of a newspaper editor involved emotionally in a city-wide hunt for a lost child. The atmosphere of the city room has been recreated in authentic manner for this reasonably entertaining Webb-style blend of melodrama and documentary. (Warner Bros.)

A service farce rich in laughs and good performances, **OPERATION PETTICOAT** is a hilarity based on fact. Though it is occasionally difficult to swallow the fact that this nonsense is set at a time and place in which tragedy and pathos dominated, this is genuinely amusing most of the way. The Philippines during the weeks immediately following Pearl Harbor are the backdrop as Commander Cary Grant and the crew of his submarine set out to reach Port Darwin in their decrepit ship. Stops en route result in a passenger list which includes Army nurses, some native families, and a goat. The laughs are plentiful and the acting in tune in this broad, breezy, and enjoyable comedy. (Universal-International)

Colossal budgets do not colossal movies make, and **SOLOMON AND SHEBA** is the latest, gargantuan exhibit. Produced in Spain where the terrain resembles the deserts of Israel, the film is impressive when the cameras concentrate on the excitingly staged battle sequences, but the scenes devoted to the meeting, the romance, and the conflicts of the principal characters are artificial, inaccurate, and lacking dramatic power. Yul Brynner plays Solomon with his standard scowl, and Gina Lollobrigida is a beautiful and colorful

Sheba, though hardly a dramatic sensation. The production descends to distasteful, and ridiculous, sensuality with a pagan orgy sequence which is more ludicrous than arousing. Furthermore, this fictional treatment of an Old Testament account has been prepared with an obvious effort to make a sensational item for the ad writers and that portion of the audience interested in torrid tales. (United Artists)

Hammond Innes' suspenseful sea yarn, **THE WRECK OF THE MARY DEARE**, has been translated by screenwriter Eric Ambler into exciting movie drama spiked with spectacular photography and top portrayals by Gary Cooper and Charlton Heston. Readers of the serialized thriller and best-seller will recall the fascinating story of the mysterious, abandoned freighter adrift in the storm-swept English Channel.

When the ship is boarded by the captain of a salvage boat, he discovers a strange, half-crazed man who claims to be the captain of the "Mary Deare." The freighter eventually crashes on the Minkies, a rocky graveyard of the sea. In later Court of Inquiry sessions, the amazing story unfolds in striking and sensational testimony. Cooper as the mystery man on the "Mary Deare" and Heston as the salvage tug captain are brilliant, with Michael Redgrave, Emlyn Williams, and Virginia McKenna providing excellent aid. This is a movie for the mystery fans, the adventurers, and those who are weary of the sage-bound sagas. (M-G-M)

#### The New Plays

**TAKE ME ALONG**, the musical adaptation of Eugene O'Neill's *Ah Wilderness!*, is melodious, colorful, and warm-hearted. To the original moods of tenderness, nostalgia, and good humor have been added exuberance and a musical comedy style that is bright and stylish without being brassy. Jackie Gleason, on sabbatical from TV, plays the flamboyant roustabout, Uncle Sid, while Walter Pidgeon is on hand as the parent struggling with his son's complex adolescence. In the latter role, Robert Morse is superb, capturing both the comic and the tragic moods of the boy. Una Merkel and Eileen Herlie are also fine as the boy's mother and aunt. Bob Merrill's score contains many excellent ballads, and the nostalgic mood is further enhanced in costuming and choreography. This is a deserved hit, a lively, humorous, and appealing adult translation of O'Neill's sole venture into comedy.

Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, whose play about the Scopes trial (*Inherit the Wind*) won resounding critical applause, have returned to the flamboyant Twenties for their theme in **THE GANG'S ALL HERE**. Their success is less marked in this dramatization of the sordid aspects of Warren G. Harding's tenure as President of the United States, a term barren in all but disillusionment, scandal, and



corruption. The authors have placed interpretations on several aspects of the story which can be rated debatable—for example, their decision that Harding was a suicide. As played with unerring skill and understanding by Melvyn Douglas, Griffith P. Hastings (Harding) is a man above his depth, loyal to the cronies who deserved far less, but weak in the strength demanded of him as president and as a man. Jean Dixon, E. G. Marshall, Bert Wheeler, Arthur Hill, Paul McGrath, and the surrounding company are in top form as White House intimates. This has its electrifying moments, but the mood is drear, and there isn't sufficient clarification or evaluation of the issues to class this with the important historical dramas. Certainly in taking the least savory aspects of high-level political and national life, the authors have allowed themselves little opportunity to be anything but downbeat.

George Bernard Shaw's **HEARTBREAK HOUSE** is as provocative as most of the Dublin satirist's dramas, but far less entertaining than many. In the current revival it has the distinct advantage of casting, with Maurice Evans, Diana Wynyard, Pamela Brown, Alan Webb, Sam Levene, and Diane Cilento delivering Shaw's scintillating lines as they were intended. But even this is not enough, for the drama is a weak throwback to the England of World War I and the aristocracy of that era. Though the author has some penetrating and politically pert lines, the excessive symbolism and lack of sound analysis make this one of his least successful social barbs.

**DEIRDRE OF THE SORROWS**, J. M. Synge's poetic tragedy, has received a splendid off-Broadway staging in one of its rare American presentations. In his final play, Synge turned to the legend of Deirdre, lovely ward of a Druid king, who eloped to Alban with Naisi, but returned after seven years to fulfill the prophecy of her doom. The story is incidental to the lilting and touching prose in which it is told, words which soar and dip, always eloquent, ever meaningful. As interpreted in this production, the lines do not always reach fulfillment, but it is a valiant and

worthy approach to an extremely difficult project. The lovers are played with convincing heartbreak by Salome Jens and Ray MacDonnell, two of the off-Broadway theater's most promising players. *Deirdre* is well worth attention from those who will appreciate its classic lines and overlook the minor deficiencies.

Despite some hackneyed situations and all-too-recognizable characters, there are many amusing moments in **THE GOLDEN FLEECE**, a farce concerned with the efforts of some Navy personnel to beat the gambling games at a Venice casino. With blinker equipment "borrowed" from their ship, the boys set up their system in a swank hotel suite. The Admiral's daughter, the Admiral himself, the shore patrol, a member of the diplomatic corps, and an Italian gambler lend typical farce flavor to the doings before the boys break the bank. Tom Poston is only fair, but the balance of the cast measure up in this featherweight frolic.

First produced in 1925, Eugene O'Neill's *avant garde* play, **THE GREAT GOD BROWN**, remains an experimental offering today. A brooding, complex study of spiritual conflict, its characters use masks as symbols of the faces they present to the world. When embarked on O'Neill's perplexed soliloquies or discussing life's meaning with those who understand them, the masks are discarded. The principal character is one Dion Anthony, a moody, rebellious young man searching for spiritual comfort yet wearing the mask of a debonair, social conformist. His wife loves and admires him with the mask on and is frightened when she discovers the true face beneath it. In this vein, the O'Neill fantasy moves through the labyrinth of one man's life, leading, as is almost inevitable with the author, to bitter tragedy. The O'Neill philosophy occasionally borders on Truth, but the light is always too soon extinguished by the mists.

**THE WARM PENINSULA** wastes the talents of Julie Harris and June Havoc and also enlists the services of Farley Granger and Larry Hagman in a lost cause. It is the case history of a frustrated young lady who leaves the Midwest for a Florida fling. She is glad to return home, and so is the audience.

**AT THE DROP OF A HAT** is a British-style "after-dinner farrago" in which two men sit on stage and sing. Michael Flanders and Donald Swann have enjoyed tremendous success in London, and it appears that their songs, banter, and sardonic comments have struck a responsive chord in American audiences as well. Their moods range from satire to weird humor and that unexplainable British whimsy. Their ditties bear such titles as "A Gnu," "The Hog Beneath the Skin," "Madeira M'Dear?" "The Reluctant Cannibal," and "Greensleeves," a dissertation on the London drama in 1540. The humor, the mimicry, and the bland approach of the agile satirists are intriguing, even though their little revue is limited in appeal.

Colette's **CHERI**, adapted from the French by Anita Loos, is banal, tasteless, and pallid in detailing the love affair of a young man and an older woman. A tiresome tale with typical Colette concentration on sex, it is a mixture of farce and tragedy with heavy emphasis on suggestiveness and a complete absence of sympathetic characters. The leads are an amoral, petulant young man (Horst Buchholz) and a Parisian courtesan (Kim Stanley), whose involvement runs a familiar course, ending with his disillusionment and suicide. This is a flaccid and unappetizing play.

Scene from the off-Broadway presentation of Synge's "Deirdre of the Sorrows"



*A wild pursuit of progress marked the closing decade. Discord and disharmony obscured our view of life. Few found the joy of peace*

# **THE FRUSTRATING FIFTIES**

A strangely twisted decade is drawing to a close. The Fifties began with bright promise and end with puzzled confusion. More Americans have achieved success in the past ten years than ever before, yet happiness seems to be slipping through our fingers. Material comforts abound, but there is little opportunity to enjoy them. Life is full of activity and devoid of significance. Togetherness has become a cult, yet husband and wife, parents and children often feel that they are living with strangers. More college degrees are handed out, but mature wisdom is absent from our national scene. Life adjustment is everyone's goal and the manufacture of tranquilizing drugs is a major industry.

It has been a religious decade. New churches have sprung up through the country almost as rapidly as shopping plazas and bowling alleys. Crowds flock to these buildings on Sunday morning. The name of God is invoked by our leaders in almost every speech. Religious books, movies, TV shows, and songs are immensely popular. Religion is selling. It is an integral part of the American Way of Life, a claim on heaven after our earthly paradise. Yet zeal for the worship of God and love of one's neighbor have not notably increased. Indeed, national morality has declined. The prophetic message of traditional religion is often drowned out by the ballad of the spiritual morale-builders.



Day by day, the mood of the Frustrating Fifties was captured by Jacques Lowe, a 30-year-old photographer of great sensitivity. With pleasure, *The Sign* presents Lowe's pictorial impressions of a decade.

**TEXT BY ANDREW GREELEY**



*A child is rushed through infancy to get to the serious business of making a living. All too soon he is old and useless, a "drain" on his nation and a new generation*



*Two children in Louisville, Ky., sit together in school to seek the destiny their land has promised. This simple act has triggered a terrible tension of races*

**D**URING the Fifties, the number of very young and very old in our society increased rapidly. We did not seem to be able to find room for either group. Our babies were born in crowded maternity hospitals. Our children lived in homes without enough bedroom space, went to overcrowded schools staffed by underpaid teachers, and played in parks that were disgracefully inadequate. A few teen-agers turned delinquent, often for the lack of anything else to do. Most teen-agers, however, failed to get excited about anything, except perhaps their convertibles. They elected to "play it cool" and some even tried to convince themselves that they were "beat." Security became the goal of the college graduate, and the "other-directed" Organization Man was the man of the decade. There was even less room for the old than for the young; never has society had such contempt for its senior members. The new suburban

homes provided no rooms for grandparents. Corporations had no tasks for their retired officers. A man was becoming too old for promotion even in his forties. Our cult of young adulthood, exemplified by the gods and goddesses of the mass media, seemed to make the years between twenty and thirty-five the only ones in which human life had any dignity. No one seemed to think it likely that, as in days gone by, the older citizens of our nation might have a significant role to play. Wisdom was not very important in the rapidly changing Fifties. The most embarrassing of all our frustrations was school integration. The Supreme Court made explicit what we knew in our consciences was required by the American creed. But the surprising violence of the resistance weakened our national unity and seriously impeded our foreign policy in dangerous, crucial times.





*There are 25 million refugees in the world today. This little girl, unknown and unsung, speaks for them, not with her tongue but her eyes. We speak to the child with the eloquent language of the tail-fin, symbol of our opulence and great achievement*



*Alone on a train in a strange land, the widow of a Hungarian Freedom Fighter weeps for her lost love. For her children, the wonderful world of America flashes by. New hope is born of persecution. This is the story of America*

**O**UR people have enjoyed ten years of prosperity never before imagined. We have piled up a treasure of electronic gadgets, bringing an ease and comfort to the lives of most Americans which not even the very rich enjoyed in the past. The suburban "good life" has banished physical drudgery and misery from the everyday existence of the great majority of us. Yet we have stored away billions of dollars of agricultural surplus while two-thirds of the human race goes to bed at night suffering from the pangs of hunger. We proudly boast that our free society has made the "good life" possible, but we do not find it within our hearts to share our freedom and ease with very many of the millions of refugees around the world. We contribute money to their support, yet our consciences are vaguely dissatisfied and uneasy.

We have devoted billions of dollars and countless man-hours to fighting the Communist

enemy. We have roundly condemned him and we have sought out everyone within our number who had even the slightest taint of being one of his agents. Yet for all our money and work, moral righteousness and rigorous security checks, the Communists, even without Stalin, are much stronger than they were in 1950. Sputnik circles the world, Lunik circles the moon, and Khrushchev circles the United States. We saved South Korea and lost North Viet Nam. We stood firm on Berlin and watched our Middle Eastern alliance crumble in the dust of Suez. We observed the Hungarians taking our "liberation" theories seriously and aided them only with our words. As the decade ends, we find our technical, scientific, and business prestige threatened by a totalitarian state which seems to have thrust and drive, while we suffer from a "broken mainspring." We have not lost to the Communists, but we have lost ground.





*We have mastered polio (though more than half the country is not yet inoculated), and mental illness has increased at a frightening rate. Pre-marriage instruction is now common, and marriage counseling services are desperately needed by more couples*



**W**E HAVE tamed nature's forces. The electron, the atom, the jet engine, the rocket have become our servants. The whole nation, through the wonders of communication, is now as close as the next county was two generations ago. The Senate committee room, World Series, political convention, Academy Award dinner come into our living rooms. Still, the mass media have been grabbed by pitchmen for the usually tasteless and dehumanizing demands of the advertising industry. Television unquestionably brought much good, but it also degenerated into a series of trite comedies, dishonest quiz shows, and phony westerns. Other ways to while away anxious idle hours were devised: hi-fi sets, archery clubs, yacht races, skin-diving, harness-racing, tours of Europe, South America, and Africa. Not much evidence of an improved public morality can be found. The poor are still with us, but we worry less about them since the color of their

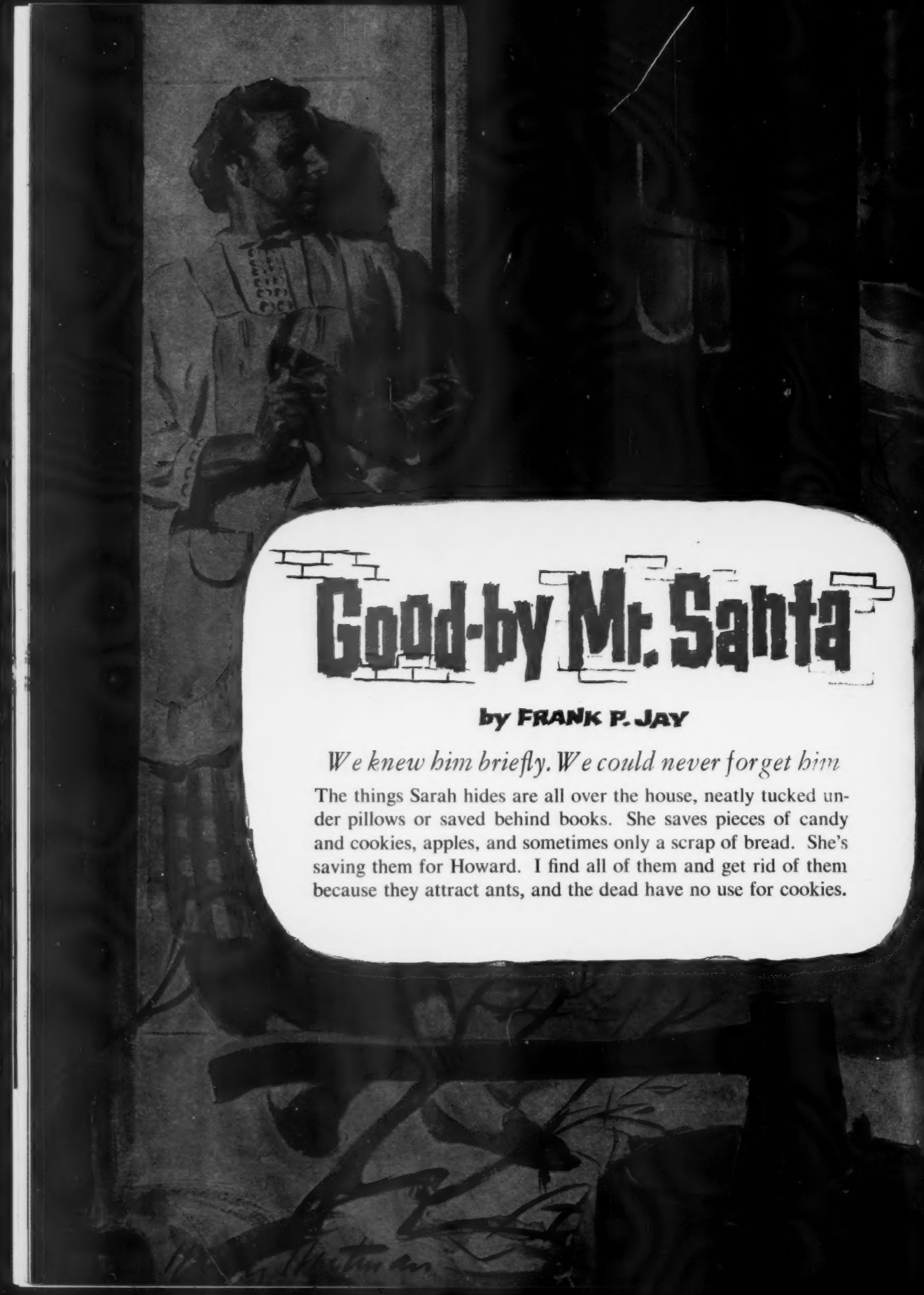


skin is different. Our unions have reached maturity, but are suffering the troubles of middle-age and corruption. The business community was restored to public favor, but has not accepted the responsibilities of economic power. Cheating is almost the accepted pattern of life among college students. The proprietors of organized crime dress in the conservative gray flannel of honest businessmen and make the bootleggers of the twenties look like rank amateurs. Our cities are spilling out into the countryside and strangling themselves with traffic jams. We have tried hard and have not succeeded—nor have we failed completely. Our failures have been serious, but not fatal. We wasted many opportunities in the Frustrating Fifties, but we may perhaps have acquired maturity. If we learn from our mistakes, which is the essence of wisdom, we may do better in the Sixties. We cannot afford not to.

*Election night, and the country is united by the technical genius of the home screen. Human vultures have descended on the mass communications media, however, and through our eyes and ears we are assaulted with the stifling sickness of sex*







# Good-by Mr. Santa

by FRANK P. JAY

*We knew him briefly. We could never forget him*

The things Sarah hides are all over the house, neatly tucked under pillows or saved behind books. She saves pieces of candy and cookies, apples, and sometimes only a scrap of bread. She's saving them for Howard. I find all of them and get rid of them because they attract ants, and the dead have no use for cookies.



She writes letters too, all the time. But she never mails them, because she has no one to mail them to, poor creature, any more than I have. As for Howard, the nation and the world have cast the first and last stone upon him. Because he did what he did, he was taken and found guilty. I never met him grown up and it's easy to think badly of him for what he did, but for the sake of his father, Sam, our good friend and a saintly man, and Sarah, his mother, I pray for his tortured soul wherever it may be and hope that he finds more mercy there than ever he deserved on earth.

Both of my boys, Brendan and Jack, were born in the winter four years apart. Our little girl, born between them, died. The five years after the first war were hard sledding for us. Linus, my husband, seemed tired all the time, and with his wrecked right hand, he couldn't find much work to do. We lived in the log house, then, across the river. It seems hard to realize now that the taxes on the whole place were less than twenty dollars a year and even at that we barely made it. We had no cash money at all. Linus cut and peeled the spruce logs, and he traded work to borrow a horse and skid them down to where he and I bucksawed them into lengths for the house. He showed me how to lay off the notches with a pair of wooden dividers he made with a nail in both ends to scratch the lines. Then we roughed out the notches with the saw and ax, and he finished them with a chisel and hoof rasp.

And it wasn't as if we could work steadily at it. I had to take care of the garden and he had to hunt. We did everything to live. Don't talk to me ever of the good old days. It is never good to lie in a corn-husk bed, listening to the howling of the bitter wind and the hiss of the snow outside the mud-chinked logs, and wonder if there will be enough wood to last out a long winter. Nor is it good to watch your husband fall asleep out of sheer exhaustion with his face on the table next to his half-eaten dinner of flour-and-onion soup, his arm and shoulder muscles leaping and quivering, remembering the brutal work they had to do, like the legs of a dog that chases a rabbit in its sleep.

But I will not dwell on these things that are better forgotten. It's bad enough to meet them twisting again their black way through my dreams; the two little boys rowing across the ice-filled river to walk from there the two and a half miles to school; the orange flicker of the kerosene lamp that I feared so, for if it had even

fallen . . . ; the mean, patched boots, the stringy illegal venison that we ate nervously with one of us watching the trail for a game warden to come out of the woods and into the clearing; the stubborn rocks in the plowing; the stumps that wouldn't rot and wouldn't pull; the late-coming spring and the early-coming frosts.

There were good things, too, like the sound of the thaw-water dripping from the eaves in the middle of the night after a six-week freeze with the temperature staying near zero, and every one of us waking up at the welcome sound and hugging one another wildly to think that we might be going to make it after all. There were good times, too, when we'd walk out into the fields on a Sunday and gather strawberries, and the wind would be strong and sweet from the cold mountains and come sweeping through the high green grass and make it ripple like a wave of the sea. And my boys would be running before it faster and lighter than the small, white clouds themselves, the stain of the berries on their lips and the valor of the wind in their clean, young hearts. In all my remembering? I always come back to that picture, and it gladdens me a little.

**I** MET Samuel Rosen one day in August. Linus had a steel wagon tire hung for a gone from an elm tree across the river, so that if anyone wanted to come over to our side he could pound the tire and we'd row over and get him. It was just at supper time when we heard the bell. We jumped as if we'd been shot, and the first thing I did was to grab the pot of venison stew and rush it out into the woodshed to the secret place we always kept ready behind the first tier of cordwood.

Linus and I went to the pine tree on the height of the bank and looked down.

"Who do you suppose it is?" I asked, and Linus just kept peering down with the crowsfeet wrinkles around his eyes and shook his head. Then, across the water, the stranger raised a shout in a thin, strangling voice, but we couldn't hear what he was shouting above the hushaby sound of the moving river and the whisper of the wind through the pine needles. The one thing we heard, as clear as if the man had been only a few feet away: "Pinetree!"

I thought he meant the tree we were standing under and I didn't understand, but suddenly Linus threw up his face and laughed, a fine easy laugh, all full of relief.

"Sam," he said. "That's Sam. Go get the pot and put it back on the stove." And he jumped down from the

bank and walked the rocks on the edge of the river upstream to our little landing where we kept the boat.

I'd never seen such a face before. Ravaged. He was dying. It was the face of a dying man. We helped him, gasping from only the little, ten-foot climb from the river to the top of the bank, into the house. The boys weren't used to strangers and stood like fox pups half-hidden behind the stove and all eyes. We fed Sam Rosen venison stew. He asked what it was. We told him. He looked sicker and we put him to bed. He stayed with us three years.

I think our luck changed the moment Sam stumbled over our threshold. He and Linus had met in a hospital near Amiens in 1918. Both were casualties, Linus with his many wounds and shell-smashed hand, Sam with chlorine-burned lungs. Sam had come to New York as a young man from St. Petersburg. He worked as a cutter in the garment trade and had prospered to the extent that, if the war hadn't come along, he would have opened his own shop in Brooklyn, where he lived. In 1917, he joined the 165th Infantry Regiment.

Although they never met before the hospital, Linus said very seriously that Sam saved his life by talking to him when even his great will to live was burning low. Sam told him stories about pleasant holidays in the pine and birch forests he remembered as a child in Russia. And less pleasant stories of the Cossacks, their beautiful Arabian horses, their terrible sabers. He told Linus of his plans for the future. Of Sarah, who worked with him at Kaufman's, of the shop he hoped to own one day. Linus had been in the Pine Tree division. Sam always called him Pinetree.

Sam loved our boys and they, too, loved this kind, little man whose accent was strange but whose honorable way of treating all men made him closer and dearer to us than blood kin. We dressed him in woolen shirts and calk-spiked, river-driver's boots, and high-water pants with broad suspenders until he looked like a mountaineer. Before he came to us, he was dying of tuberculosis; when he left us, he was as tough a little man as our mountains can produce and as healthy. He couldn't afford the sanatoriums at Saranac, but we breathed the same air.

He showed me shortcuts in sewing that sped my work like miracles. His fingers were like lightning with knitting needles and darning work. He was even a good cook; in perfect honesty, a better cook than I, although he had strange ways with chickens and



# PERENNIAL

Sister M. Madeleva, C.S.C.

*The final wild song of Your birth-night  
can never be written;  
The last shining word of Your Coming  
can not be said.  
Rough, slow-minded shepherds will run,  
angel-driven, forever  
By night to a cave and a cattle shed.*

*And You, beyond bondage of time, without  
end or beginning,  
Will wake in the arms of a maid,  
on an unending night.  
You, the unuttered Word become Flesh  
and forever now spoken  
Will be here, be our Life, our  
accessible Light.*

*Tonight is Your night, Your incredible,  
song-spangled story.  
We shepherds and flocks wait on fields  
beyond Bethlehem plain;  
O angels, O shepherds, O Joseph, O Mary,  
O Jesus,  
O God, tell Your children the story again.*

partridge. He was a religious person, and it pained him to be unable, that first year, to go down to Albany on his Day of Atonement. We left him with his thoughts. After that, he never missed it again. I know he was religious, because in his way he set a solid example for our boys and between him and Linus they came to know God. I can hear him now reading from the catechism: "Enzhel uf Gott, my godyan dear. . . ." How we laughed, little knowing who really was the "enzhel."

He read to the boys night after night, and it was he who preached to us for the first time the great value of education beyond the elementary schoolhouse. Neither Linus nor I had finished school, nor had Sam, but he prophesied to us of a strange new future that would soon come, in which all men would need the books to survive.

He never asked for anything. Yes, he *did*. Just once. Once, when Linus was going down the seventy-five miles to Moore's Falls to buy a grindstone, Sam took him aside.

"If you get a minute," he said almost apologetically, "and if you can find a delicatessen—" he gave Linus two dollars—"see if you can get some lox."

"What's lox?" Linus asked.

"It's fish. Smoked salmon. You'll like it."

We did like it. We'd never had any-

thing like it before, because up here, somehow, we never learned the technique of smoking meat and fish.

Sam found a curious fascination in the double-bitted ax and learned to use it like a precision tool. When he grew strong enough, he split all the cordwood for me, and when we had no more to cut, he traveled out and split wood free for our neighbors up and down the river. He was proud of his new strength and all his new knowledge and all his new friends. I never saw a man make friends so fast among our quiet people.

At his advice, we saved every cent of board money he insisted on paying until we had enough to put a down payment on a house he'd picked out for us on the other side of the river. The town side. We'd never bought a house before, but Sam knew all about it. He brought a lawyer to take care of the title-search and saw to it that the terms of the mortgage were fair.

The day he left us at last, maybe fifty people came soberly to see him off, many of them traveling as far as twenty miles by horse and wagon or Model T. It was no organized gathering and there was no celebration; nothing but a self-conscious handshake and a few words from each, but as it turned out, those few terse words from them meant more, and stayed longer

with Sam Rosen, than a brass band and oratory.

At first the boys missed him terribly, the little one especially. We told him that Sam was living in the great big city they had never seen at the other end of our own Hudson River, and one day I watched Johnny scratching x's on a piece of birchbark and sending it downstream on a log to Sam, three-hundred miles away.

Sam seldom wrote. He married Sarah and they had a son, Howard, their only child. In the years before the depression, Sam became wealthy.

Things improved for us, too, and we moved across the river to this house. We could afford it by then, because Linus had the job buying timber for the saw-mill so that he didn't need his hand so much.

Then one Sunday in the summer before the stock-market crash, the kitchen door opened and Sam was standing there with his wife and their child. They were on their way to Canada and drove their big, square, new Buick forty miles out of their way, over roads that would have tired horses, to see us again. It was like a brother come home.

Their baby was beautiful. Our boys were big then, and they took him between them and showed him the baby chickens and our cow and gave him a ride on the tired, old, swaybacked mare



called Fanny we'd inherited from the former owner of the house. The boys were delighted with the little fellow, and I guess in his own way the baby must have enjoyed it too, because he stared carefully at everything and years later Sarah wrote to me that he remembered everything he saw. But he never smiled in all the time he was there.

Out at the horse barn, the boys begged Sarah to leave the baby with us and pick him up on their way back down from Canada and I said I'd love that too. Naturally, Sarah couldn't leave the baby, her first and only one, so I suggested that she stay too and her face brightened. She turned to Sam. We all turned to Sam.

SAM wasn't secretive by nature, but now he was trapped. He looked sheepish, smiled, and motioned to us, to Sarah and Linus and me, to come into the house.

"Believe me," Sam said, "nothing, *nothing* would please me more than to leave you and the baby here and stay here myself. But,—," he shrugged in a strange way and the smile was gone, "we're not coming back."

Sarah looked puzzled. "You mean we're going home a different way?"

Sam picked up the suitcase he'd carefully put behind the door, opened it, and took out a small, steel box. With a key from his pocket, he opened it. The box was filled with blazing diamond jewelry worth more I suppose than the whole town.

When no one spoke Sam said, "There's enough here to sell in Europe and keep Sarah and the boy for five years. Something bad is going to happen here and a lot of people are going to lose money. Maybe I will." He turned appealing to Linus who didn't quite understand. "I'm no rat. I'm not going to run out on my country"—he spoke the words proudly—"because business is bad. But I don't want the people I love to be hurt, if I can help it. Linus, you're all right here. If you can get cash now, get it and stick it away. Tell your—our—friends. Don't spend a cent. Get rid of whatever debts you can and wait. That's why I came here." He spoke with such terrible urgency I was scared.

We did what Sam said to do and even at that the money drought hit hard. The mines cut down, the sawmills folded up, pulp prices dropped. Nobody had any money. In the second winter of that gray time, a strange and nice thing happened. We had raised an acre of popcorn on the far side of the property, where it wouldn't be so likely to cross-pollinate, and we got a hog's-head full of the sharp-kerneled, runty,

little ears. On Christmas Eve we popped a great tub full. Money or no money we were going to enjoy our Christmas even if we had only home-grown gifts to give. I'd knitted mittens all around. The boys had three muskrat pelts, one mink, and one fisher for me, and Linus had a beagle pup for them.

We had to travel eleven miles down to Middle Creek to Mass and we wanted to go early so we could get back early. We'd hung a big venison quarter, Brendan's first deer, almost a month for Christmas dinner and I wanted to get busy cooking it; so we got busy early in the evening on Christmas Eve. I strung long chains of popcorn and popcorn balls for the balsam tree that Linus and the boys had cut in the afternoon up back at the pond. Then, just after dark, while we were setting up the tree, there was a pounding at the door. I opened the door, and there in the snow stood Santa Claus.

The boys had never seen anyone dressed like that before and, big as they were, ducked behind me. Santa Claus never said anything from behind the rosy mask but picked up a big, bulgy feed sack and stepped in. He laid the bag next to the tree, turned, walked to the dining room table, reached into his coat, and laid a small paper bag on the table. He opened it and there, lying on a sheet of butcher's paper, was a pound of smoked salmon. Lox!

Talk about a merry Christmas! It was a reunion and a jubilee. Sitting there looking lost inside his huge Santa Claus suit and his bald head glistening in the warmth of the kitchen stove, Sam told us that Sarah and the child were in Brussels, that his business had shrunk but hadn't collapsed, and that he was—thank God, knock wood—still solvent. There was French cognac beside the coffee cups and a monstrous turkey. He'd brought heavy woolen coats for us all and beautiful high boots for Linus and the boys. In the sack there were ice skates and hunting knives, box after box of twelve-gauge ammunition, including double-zero buckshot, sewing equipment, silk stockings, real perfume—the first I'd ever owned—and books, wonderful books.

And that wasn't all. Every single homestead at the bend of the river—every family that he had known while he was getting well—he visited that night. He wasn't showing off; he was being grateful. He was repaying life for life, in some cases almost literally. He forgot no one, and the harder people were hit by the winter and the times, the greater the gifts Sam poured upon them. Coats, boots, bolts of flannel, axes, snowshoes, paid-in-full receipts from the Middle Creek stores where

they had been buying on shaky credit. Even after Christmas, loads of cordwood were delivered to the homes where fuel had seemed scarce to him. He was a connoisseur of cordwood. Altogether Sam Rosen must have poured close to five thousand dollars' worth of survival and hope into our little town that year. And he did it again and again. All through the depression.

I don't know what makes a man do great and good things like that. Money meant a lot to Sam and it meant a lot to us, too, but in a different way. We looked at money with the almost mystical reverence of the poor who have never had it, who don't know how to use it except to buy things, and as a result, either mishandle it and stay poor, or respect it too much ever to make much of it. Sam saw money only as a means to an end. And somewhere powerful forces touched Sam to make the ends he sought good and honorable.

Brendan died of battle wounds in Germany in 1944. Johnny was killed in the Pacific on some small island where palm trees grow. I watched Linus die a little at a time starting from the first telegram, and I watched them place a pine-tree wreath on his grave.

WHEN it happened, I wrote to Sam. I told him about the boys, too. For six months there was no answer. Then one day a letter came from Sarah. It, too, was long. When my letter had come Sam was in the hospital, incurably sick, and she hadn't told him about my news. One day he asked about Linus and she showed him the letter. He cried out, loud enough to startle the nurses, and tore his pajama collar in the old orthodox way to show his grief. A month later he, too, was gone.

But then she wrote on, speaking about her "greater sorrow" as if I knew. She said it was hard to believe and wondered how it could have happened and begged me not to think badly of him. I thought she was writing about Sam and wondered how anybody would think badly of him of all people. But it wasn't Sam she meant; it was Howard.

She told the whole terrible story together after that. Howard had stayed in school in Switzerland when she had come home to be with Sam in the rebuilding years. He must have fallen then into the sick web of ideas that were responsible for what happened later. Her letter seemed almost to babble on, almost in madness, as if he were a schoolboy still. He'd studied physics in England and had been close in the confidence of those who were working with the new ideas that later

(Continued on Page 76)

# *The nursery's most beautiful babies*



*Dr. Cooney with six of his eleven adopted children. They form a closely knit, harmonious family group*

The Cooneys have eleven children — all adopted.  
They make a wonderful and happy family

**BY RICHARD O'HAGAN**

One summer's day in 1955, a Toronto dentist named Joseph Cooney, his wife Lillian, and their seven children were seated in the dining room of a Detroit hotel when a woman stopped to remark on what a fine looking family they were. "And the children!" she exclaimed. "They all look so much alike." Lillian Cooney smiled and said this was an interesting observation since the youngsters were all adopted.

Word of this extraordinary family spread quickly and the Cooneys—bewildered parents and delighted chil-

dren—soon found themselves in the eye of a minor hurricane of attention with newspaper pictures, interviews, magazine articles, approaches from promoters, and many of the other disquieting features of sudden celebrity.

When the storm finally passed, Joe and Lillian Cooney came to the melancholy realization that their old anonymity was probably lost forever. They were besieged with letters, phone calls, and visits by couples who had been "thinking" of adopting children; they were even asked to address

an audience of prospective adoptive parents. But was all this really so distracting and burdensome?

The Cooneys, after due reflection, thought not. It seemed to them that they had a responsibility to actively encourage other people to open their doors to adopted children, as they were to open the Cooney door four more times.

Today the Cooneys have eleven children—all adopted. They range in age from six months to fourteen years. Their names are Dennis, Rita, Christopher, Teresa, Michael, Joan, Lorraine, Stephen, Marie, John, and Bernadette.

At forty-three, Joe and Lillian Cooney have little difficulty explaining their remarkable adventure in love and selflessness. They regard it as nothing more than an effort to get "something worthwhile out of life."

To people who say to him, "You're doing so much for those kids," Joe Cooney likes to reply, "It's the other way around. They're doing so much for us."

Headquarters of the Cooney clan is an eighty-five-year-old house, bordered by a white rail fence, in a prosperous suburban district of Toronto, Canada's second largest city. Attached to the rear of the house are Dr. Cooney's professional quarters, a dental office known as a bungalow studio. It consists of a long corridor flanked on each side by rooms devoted to special purposes: a waiting room, office, dressing room, laboratory, room for cleaning teeth, one for prosthetics, one for fillings, another for surgery. These facilities, staffed by two nurses, two technicians, and a secretary, enable several patients to be in various stages of treatment at the same time.

**J**OE Cooney has a thriving practice now, and he will soon be free of financial encumbrances that have beset him almost continuously since he and Lillian were married eighteen years ago, two days after his graduation from dental school.

But not even when their plight was gravest—when creditors were clamoring, when their car was seized, when the threat of total bankruptcy hung darkly over their heads—did the Cooneys falter in their determination to adopt another child when they honestly felt they could and should.

As Joe Cooney puts it, they have refused to "set an alarm clock" to the growth of their family. At the same time, they suggest that the words "weary" and "discouraged" are not missing from their vocabulary. But they have worked hard and relied heavily on prayer. Lillian Cooney

often remembers a saying of her mother, who raised fourteen depression-era children on a modest income: "If God gives you children, He will help you with them—but you must ask for His help."

Joe Cooney, who likes to think that what they are doing is a demonstration of faith and confidence as much as anything, emerged from a milieu quite different from his wife's. While Lillian's background was suffused with the warmth and loyalty characteristic of the large family that had seen one another through difficult times, he was one of the four children of a well-to-do family whose relationships were unmarked by this kind of closeness. It was an element Joe Cooney sorely missed.

Joe met Lillian when he was in his last year at dental school. A bright, pretty, dark-haired secretary, she came to the office of the dentist he was training with, her face swollen from an impacted tooth.

"I've got a big date at the Yacht Club next Saturday night," she complained, "and I'll look awful."

"I tell you what," the husky young dental assistant suggested, "I'll say a prayer for you the next time I'm at church."

"When will that be," Lillian scoffed, "Christmas?"

"No, no," Joe said. "I go to the novena at St. Patrick's every Wednesday."

"Do you!" said Lillian speculatively. "So do I."

Sure enough, the next Wednesday, as Lillian stood outside St. Patrick's, Joe approached. They agreed that running into one another again was indeed a coincidence and went inside together. The impacted tooth better, she was soon going dancing with Joe Cooney. He wanted to marry right away but she insisted he get his degree first.

Shortly after their marriage, the Cooneys moved to a small Ontario city where Joe began practice. Lillian was expecting a child. But time passed and there was no baby.

At a garden party one afternoon, Lillian was vaguely surprised to hear herself telling a woman friend that if she were to remain childless another year she would adopt a baby. The year passed and the Cooneys adopted their first child. "Is it local?" their cleaning woman asked, peering into the crib. "I hadn't heard. . . ."

The curiosity of the small community was only one of the problems the

Cooneys were to face, as they discovered when they adopted their second baby. Through a set of circumstances so rare in adoption as to be phenomenal, this child arrived with an advanced case of scurvy. He cried constantly and was especially sensitive to being touched.

"I couldn't straighten his little legs," Lillian recalls. "When the doctor examined him, he could hardly believe his own diagnosis. It was the first case he'd ever seen." But the child gradually improved and today, except for a certain susceptibility to colds, is healthy and attractive.

**I**T was during this period that Joe decided to establish a practice in Toronto. He bought the house with a down payment of \$1,000 and, with an architect, planned the bungalow studio dental office. It was an ambitious project and his resources were small. Lillian and the two children moved into their new Toronto home; Joe still had his practice in the other city and every day at dawn he would rise and drive a hundred miles.

Life was growing more complicated in other areas as well. The permit to build the bungalow wing was delayed ten months; a further delay developed because of the contractor's own complex difficulties; a decorator built more furniture than could be accommodated and it took a lawsuit to settle the dispute. To cap it all, a creditor arrived and took away the Cooneys' car.

It was at this point that Joe and Lillian adopted their third child. Very soon after, a group of the Cooneys' creditors met to advise them on how to cut expenses. Most of the ideas concerned the operation of the dental facilities. Then a man got to his feet and said, "You haven't received the final papers on that last baby you adopted. I suggest you send him back." His words met an embarrassed silence, followed quickly by indignation. The question never came up again.

Finally in 1949, Joe Cooney's bungalow studio, worth more than \$60,000, was opened. Fifty names were on his list of creditors. But amid the harassment, the Cooneys remained confident and resolute. They were helped by a good many instances of patience, understanding, and generosity: their lawyer, who had himself been adopted, lent them \$10,000 free of interest; the head of a dental supply firm waived the down payment on some costly and essential equipment and later reduced the total amount owed him by more than a third. He, too, had been adopted.

Again disregarding momentary material stresses, the Cooneys asked for

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ROBERT RAGSDALE—TORONTO

*Each child has an assigned daily task*

another child, their fourth. The adoption agency hesitated. A priest tactfully suggested that perhaps they should defer another adoption until their financial affairs were in better order.

"This is the baby we would have been having if we could," said Joe Cooney firmly. "See if you can hurry them up, will you, Father?" Soon the Cooneys had their fourth baby.

This child, like all the other young Cooneys, was to become familiar with a certain bedtime story, a story that never changed, that was always told by Daddy. "Once upon a time," Joe Cooney would begin, "Mommy and I were very lonely because we had no babies at our house. We went to the hospital to see if they had a baby we could have.

"We looked and we looked but we couldn't see one we liked. Then one day we saw this wonderful little boy. He was the most beautiful baby in the whole nursery. . . . And then we thought, if we could only find another baby as beautiful as that."

How effective this story has been over the years was demonstrated the time Lillian told the children that one of their aunts was having a baby. They were most sympathetic. "She has to take whatever she gets," a six-year-old noted sadly. "We were *picked*."

As the children grow older and reach the stage where the barbs and probings of schoolmates can be deeply painful ("They aren't your real parents, are they?"), a well-knit defense, founded on pride and security, becomes critically important.

"Whenever the question of back-ground comes up," says Joe Cooney, a placid, thoughtful man with a round face and sandy hair, "we give them a

straight answer. We don't mislead them and we gloss nothing over. We try to explain some of the social factors involved in adoption. But, above all, we emphasize the importance of being loved and wanted."

Joe Cooney's philosophy for raising children is a simple one: "We set a pattern that we think is good and right, and we try as best we can to follow it."

After an adoption is completed, the child is baptized and given a new name. Joe and Lillian are godparents to each of their children; a baptism is made an occasion with the whole family attending. "We try," says Joe Cooney, "to acquaint our children early with the joys of their religion."

At Christmas, with the broad group participation that such an operation allows for, the Cooneys select a tree, bring it home, and decorate it. A crib is also put up. After being advised as to how much they should spend on presents for the other members of the family, the older children do their own shopping and wrapping.

Except for the very youngest, all the Cooney children attend Mass daily during Lent and Advent. First Fridays are also a must. Grace is said before and after every meal. At Sunday morning breakfast, Joe Cooney gives a simple, interpretive talk on the Gospel of the day. He usually manages to have a daily chat of five minutes or so with each of the children individually, discussing school, swimming, friends, and anything that is on the youngster's mind.

Dinner hour at the Cooneys is between 5 and 5:30. Rosary is at 6:50 with studies beginning at 7. The tutor system is followed, with the older children helping the younger and mother and father acting as general supervisors. By 8 o'clock five of the children are ready for bed. The formal study period is over at 9, although the children who are in high school are likely to carry on past that hour. As they climb upstairs to their rooms, the Cooney children pass a tiny, flower-decked shrine on a window ledge at the first landing. Prayers are said just before bed.

"Since we believe in the salvation of the soul," Joe Cooney explains, "the job of living we do every day must be as good as we can possibly make it. We teach our children love, dignity, and respect. We tell them that every person has a soul and is made in the image and likeness of God, no matter what their faith or color. We tell them they must never hurt anyone else and that they must try to be understanding when they are hurt."

In the course of their upbringing, the Cooney children are also made aware

of the practical obligations of everyday life. While the children in the senior category (the four oldest) are given an allowance of two dollars a week and the juniors are given a dollar, all are asked to undertake certain home duties and are given the opportunity at least to take over others. For example, the scrubbing of the dental offices is assigned to one or two of the older boys. Auxiliary enterprises farther afield have included paper routes, lawn cutting, and the door-to-door peddling of eggs.

Fully occupied though they are, the Cooneys are never too busy to take an interest in people outside their own family circle, wide as it is. They discovered that a tradesman with whom they had regular dealings was a lapsed Catholic, that he'd married outside the church twenty years before and had never been back. Whenever he got a chance, Joe sympathetically talked to him about it.

"You know," said the tradesman, "if I ever do get back, I'll have you to thank for it." Then one day, shortly after Easter, when the man was about to leave the Cooney house he turned to Joe and with a shy smile said, "By the way, I got the marriage all straightened out."

Another time Joe was asked what he thought could be done for a promising young man who seemed headed for serious trouble, partly because of parental neglect. "Let me have a talk with him," he said. After seeing the boy, he had him enrolled in a new school. But soon after he was expelled.

This called for a fresh approach. "We gave him a room at our home so that he could study. In fact, we made him part of the family," says Joe. "We helped him sort out his academic difficulties and, more important, tried to give his life some purpose and direction." Today that young man is at university, a fine athlete and top student. He was recently received into the Church—a development of immense satisfaction to his mentor.

Joe Cooney has never taken his Faith for granted. He seeks constantly to buttress and reinvigorate it. For seventeen years he has belonged to a retreat group called the *Pioneers of Our Lady of Grace*. And he and Lillian belong to a study group.

It is easy to understand that recreation periods for the Cooneys are few and far between. In fact, the last time they saw a movie was the night after the Children's Aid urgently asked them if they could take a fifth child. Incidentally, the movie was *Room For One More*.



## The Word Is Act

BY KILIAN McDONNELL, O.S.B.



AMOS LIVED the unpretentious life of a shepherd, and he made no claims of being a professional prophet: "I am not a prophet, nor am I the son of a prophet. I am a herdsman and I cultivate the sycamore trees. But Yahweh took me as I followed my flock and He said to me, 'Go, prophesy to My people Israel.' And now hear the word of Yahweh."

All Amos knew was that Almighty God had called him from the hills of Judah and had put His words into his mouth. It was for Amos to speak God's words and for Israel to listen: "Now hear the word of Yahweh."

When Amos protested that he was not a professional prophet, he was speaking in part out of reverence for the word of God. One does not lightly speak God's word, for the mystery of God is in it. Indeed, only God can speak God's word aright. For man to speak God's word is to reveal God. And this is no small thing.

The word of God spoken by the prophets, by Christ, and written down in the Sacred Scriptures, is a thing of great holiness. In it is the holiness of Yahweh. The word of Yahweh is a word of great power. Unlike the word of man, which is only a spoken symbol, the word of God is an effective spoken symbol. When man speaks, the word dies in the air. But when God speaks, the word becomes act. "And God said, 'Let there be light,' and there was light." In God, seeing and doing, word and actuality are not separated. They are simultaneous. There is no lapse of time, no waiting for the word to translate itself into act. When God speaks, He does: "And there was light."

God's word is not spoken in vain; here there is no waste. What is said is done. "For as the rain and the snow come down from heaven, and return not thither but water the earth, making it bring forth and sprout, giving seed to the sower and bread to the eater, so shall My word be that goes forth from My mouth; it shall not return to Me

empty, but it shall accomplish that which I purpose, and prosper in the things for which I sent it."

Christ's word too is the word of God. And in the word of Christ, saying is also doing. Here, too, the word does not return empty. Lazarus was four days dead. Even his sister Martha was somewhat disturbed at the prospect of Christ's raising her brother: "Lord, by this time he stinks, for he is four days dead." Then Christ "cried out with a loud voice, 'Lazarus, come forth!' And at once he who had been dead came forth." The saying is not separated from the doing, for the power of God is in the word of God.

WE HAVE been rather suspicious of any emphasis on the power of the word. To look upon the word of God as something of a sacrament having power in itself smacks, we think, of Protestantism. While admitting there have been exaggerations, our suspicions have caused us to neglect a long, Catholic tradition which considered the word of God as quasi-sacramental; not a sacrament, but like a sacrament hiding and revealing the power of God. The early Christians guarded the manuscripts of the Bible as they would a sacrament. When the Diocletian persecution broke out at the beginning of the fourth century, the first decrees ordered churches and copies of the Bible to be destroyed. So honored were the texts of the Bible that Christians who handed them over to the persecutors were considered traitors by the faithful. To give up the sacred Book was to hand over what was most sacred; it was to give up the Faith.

The early Christians knew that the power of life and healing and growth is found in the Sacred Scriptures. Christ had said that the word of God is a seed. It contains life in itself and it grows. Because the source of life is contained within the seed, it grows even when the sower sleeps: "Thus is the Kingdom of God, as though a man should cast seed into the earth, then sleep and rise, night

and day, and the seed should sprout and grow without his knowing it." If man accepts the word of God, it will impart its life and healing and power even without man's knowing it.

The Fathers of the Church expanded Christ's teaching and made bold comparisons—at times over-bold—between the word of God and the Eucharist. Origen said that we should not honor the word of Christ less than the body of Christ. The same idea is found in St. Ignatius of Antioch, who said, "I come to the Gospel as to the very flesh of Christ," and in St. Athanasius, who wrote to a friend, "The Lord himself is in the words of Scripture." To conceive of the Scriptures in almost eucharistic terms has its counterpart in the liturgy. In the solemn high Mass, the Gospel book is brought from the altar by a procession of deacon and subdeacon accompanied by servers carrying lighted candles, much like the Corpus Christi procession, though the procession with the Gospel book is much older. Like the Blessed Sacrament, the Gospel book is incensed. The liturgy handles the word of God as one would a sacrament, something which both hides and reveals the power of God.

NO ONE who is serious about growth in love of God can afford to neglect the word of God. There are very likely only a few Catholic homes in the land which are without a Bible. But in most homes the Bible plays no part in family devotions. There is no general practice of reading and discussing a short passage daily. If there were no Bible in the house, the good Catholic family might feel it was less than Catholic. But mere possession of a copy seems to be as much as the popular Catholic conscience demands. The neglect of the Bible in the American Catholic home is a major tragedy.

The power, mystery, holiness, healing of God speaks to us in His word. "And now hear the word of Yahweh." So often, there is none to listen.

## TELEVISION and RADIO

By John P. Shanley

# Life without TV: a discovery

A friend of ours who is the nominal head of a household that includes several small boys reported the other day that he and his wife had stumbled upon a formula for domestic tranquility.

Just a few weeks before, the only television set in their home had started to misbehave. Heavy shadows appeared on the screen and soon, except for the sound track, it was almost impossible to distinguish Lassie from Dick Clark. Eventually the screen showed nothing but blackness, and the children of the household were sullen and rebellious.

This was a home that never previously had been without TV for more than a day or two during the lifetime of the children. The father, regarding the repair of the set as virtually a moral obligation, called his friendly service man. The diagnosis was swift and unfriendly—a new picture tube was needed.

Although the father was reluctant to maintain a TV-less domicile, there were more pressing considerations. The recent purchase of a new washing ma-

chine had rekindled his relationship with the credit department of his bank. A new slate roof was urgently needed. Two unpaid doctor's bills projected menacingly from the liability compartment in the family desk. And fuel oil deliveries were about to begin.

Our friend made a realistic appeal to his wife: because of critical circumstances, he would like to defer the repairing of the set until the more important matters had been solved. He spoke with conviction, but he was not entirely hopeful of winning accord. He knew that the TV screen often had been a help to his wife, particularly on those rainy days when several hours of *Bugs Bunny*, *Superman*, and *The Three Stooges* managed to divert the youngsters from a systematic sacking of the house furnishings.

To our man's surprise, there was no opposition. His wife agreed the TV set would have to wait and that other means must be devised for family recreation. It took a couple of weeks before an

*The return of Perry Como with a relaxed and civilized style assures TV viewers a weekly period of relief from jarring, high-pressure shows*



anguished period of mourning for absent images on the small screen passed. In that time, there was more than the usual number of wails of abandonment and shrieks of temper. But the father and mother faced their responsibility conscientiously.

They began to read to their children and to participate in games with them. The offspring were delighted to discover that their father could be quite a companionable fellow.

There now were more frequent opportunities for family trips to a playground, a park, or a picnic area. And on special occasions there was a mass excursion to a local moviehouse.

Before long even homework had lost some of its ugly aspects. It was undertaken not without some murmurings, to be sure, but once begun, it was pursued with a concentration previously lacking. The inoperable box in the corner was no longer a rival for the attention of the young scholars.

The parents occasionally found their ingenuity taxed to find new ways of keeping their boys occupied and contented. But the crises were not as severe as expected. With the Christmas holidays just ahead, they're planning to have the set fixed, for both of them still believe that it can be good for their children as well as themselves, if employed discreetly. However, the relatively serene period in which they have learned to live without the electronic fixture convinced them that TV is not essential to their well-being.

They hope that henceforth they will be able to be less reliant on TV. They found their recent recreational experiences with their children mutually rewarding. Television, the father now declares, is not a substitute for family companionship but an auxiliary to it.

**Como the Gentleman.** Perry Como's return—Wednesday nights on NBC—was met with a lack of enthusiasm by some of the critics. I disagree with these reviewers. True, there were no extravagant production routines nor high-pressure comedy in the first few Como shows. But his comfortable, civilized style continues to be a welcome relief from most of the jarring TV attractions that surround his program.

Como's ability to succeed in the bitterly competitive arena of television while retaining his good taste and good nature is something remarkable. There was a gratuitous and sincere tribute to him not long ago by Goodman Ace after he left the Como show where he had been the chief writer for several years. Ace, noting that Como would tolerate no off-color humor or political barbs on any of his shows, remarked, "He's a fine little gentleman."

It is gratifying to know that there is room at the top for a performer of his quality. Some of the reviewers who didn't care for the Como format went out of their way to praise his personable manner. Before the season is over, their reservations about Como's new program may be dispelled.

**Catholic Hour's Excellence.** *The Catholic Hour* has been held up as a model of good religious programming by other religious denominations. The Sunday afternoon telecasts, created by the National Council of Catholic Men for NBC, are consistently superior. Recently the program offered a three-part



Jackie Cooper and Audrey Dalton in "Hennesey"

series on the Mass. The opening presentation was an excellent example of doctrine made explicit and absorbing by the use of attractive dramatic techniques. Participants included Father Frederick McManus of Catholic University as narrator, actors in modern dress delivering pertinent Scriptural readings, and a dance-mime group representing Biblical characters. It was fascinating.

**Hennesey is O.K.** A bright exception to other dismal comedy series is *Hennesey*, Monday night on CBS. It stars Jackie Cooper as a U.S. Navy medical officer. An important supporting role is played by Jimmy Komack. The two of them manage to get into situations that are funny without being preposterous. Roscoe Karns, a delightful character actor for many years, contributes to the enjoyment as a commanding officer. *Hennesey* is easy, pleasant entertainment.

**History Comes Alive.** The first program of *Our American Heritage*, the NBC series dealing with careers of famous Americans, was the stimulating story of the philosophical clash between Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton that led to the formation of the two-party system in the U.S.

With Ralph Bellamy portraying the resolute Jefferson and Arthur Kennedy as the fiery Hamilton, the telecast, subtitled, *Divided We Stand*, had the advantage of superior acting in the key roles. The script by Morton Wishengrad gave evidence of careful and intelligent research.

One shortcoming was noted—a disturbing lack of the dramatic vitality that would have made this a completely satisfying production. Mr. Wishengrad undoubtedly was being faithful to history, but some portions of the program would have been more appealing if they had contained more movement and less oratory.

No one wants to see history distorted for theatrical purposes. Nevertheless, more attention to dramatic values would have helped *Divided We Stand*. Since *Our American Heritage* is the kind of series that television needs, I hope its future programs will offer more in the way of action and visual appeal.



*A threat to the peace of many homes besides that of neighbor Joseph Kearns are Jay North and Herb Anderson in "Dennis the Menace"*

*The TV season ahead will be a challenging one for Art Carney, who is lined up for roles ranging from comedy to high drama*



On January 24, the subject will be John C. Fremont, the nineteenth-century explorer of the American West, who became known as "The Pathfinder." The story of Ulysses S. Grant will be shown on February 21. It will tell not only of his career as a military leader and President of the U.S., but also of his courageous battle against an incurable disease in the latter part of his life.

The story of Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., the U.S. Supreme Court's "Great Dissenter," will be told March 20. The final telecast of the season, on April 10, will dramatize the life of Andrew Carnegie, who contributed \$350,000,000 of his fortune "for the improvement of mankind."

**A Pox on Dennis.** One of the new programs the family on furlough from TV missed is the Sunday night CBS series *Dennis the Menace*, a filmed show dealing with the extraordinary adventures of the comic-strip character created by Hank Ketcham.

Dennis, as America knows, is a one-boy disaster. His transgressions against order are heinous. He makes life miserable for his parents and all other adults whose paths he crosses. He is blond and fair of complexion, but his mind is full of black schemes. Now that Dennis has arrived on television, things are bound to deteriorate in the homes of many families who watch his escapades—especially the homes in which his contemporaries reside.

In early episodes of the series Dennis:

- ▶ Threw a neighborhood moviehouse into mad confusion after outwitting a sitter and stealing away from home.
- ▶ Caused the back yard of a neighbor to be excavated instead of seeded.
- ▶ Drove to distraction a middle-aged man next door.

Of course, the younger set finds all of these activities hilarious, and even long-suffering adults will get an occasional wry smile from the show. One serious objection, however, must be raised. Dennis' father, like so many others on TV, is an undiluted, 100-proof dope. In one chapter, suggestive of the moronic adventures of Dagwood Bumstead, he found a giant firecracker in the attic and, attempting

to prevent it from falling into the hands of Dennis, he did just what everyone suspected he would do. He almost destroyed himself. It might have been a merciful thing if he had been liquidated. It's bad enough to have Dennis in living rooms all over the country every Sunday night. If his father keeps behaving like a buffoon, the tiny tots are liable to get completely out of hand.

**Art Carney: Going up?** Perhaps the most sparkling comedy entry of the early season was the first of eight NBC shows to be done by Art Carney, another performer who manages to win acclaim without losing friends. Carney's satirical antics on *Small World, Isn't It?* were deft and tremendously amusing.

This will be a challenging season for Jackie Gleason's former Saturday-night comedy partner. His roles will range from tomfoolery to high drama. Considering the versatility he has displayed in the past, this could be his biggest season.

**TV's Carnival of Deceit.** The lesson given us by the quiz show scandals should never be forgotten. The disclosures of deception on *Twenty-One*, *Dotto*, and other programs, were symptomatic of a malignant philosophy that gave entertainment a higher priority than integrity.

The contestants who joined in compromises that were made to seem easy and harmless now have been embarrassed and discredited. If they violated no law, they were guilty, at least, of undermining the trust and good will of millions of persons who once admired and cheered them. The dollars that the players won have been devaluated by a major deficit in public esteem.

It was shocking to learn of the cynicism of those who devised the rigged programs and persuaded the contestants to join in a carnival of deceit. They, too, now have been disenfranchised. But unless their unprincipled behavior is remembered, they, or others like them, may try again. A cautious public skepticism about quick money enterprises—on or off television—would be a sound philosophy for the years ahead.



# There will never be another RUTH

BY RED SMITH



ILLUSTRATION BY CONSTANCE NAAR

PAT IS A YOUNG FELLOW fresh out of the Marine Corps. Before he went in, his heart belonged to the Brooklyn Dodgers and, although there are no longer any Brooklyn Dodgers, Pat doesn't seem to realize what changes came about while he was away. He still regards Jackie Robinson as the greatest thing that ever happened to humankind, and, as for Duke Snider—well, Pat snorts with contempt if you mention Willie Mays or Mickey Mantle, Tris Speaker, Babe Ruth, or Ty Cobb.

"Sure, Ruth," he said one evening, and his tone was grandly indulgent. "Sure, his home-run record will never be beaten, and you know why? Because you have to hit 'em out on the fly now. That big year of Ruth's, he hit six into the stands on the first bounce and that counted as a home run in those days, but . . ."

"Now, just a minute," I said. "Those days were my days, young feller, and they bounced no home runs out of any parks. One thing Ruth did have going for him, if I remember right, there

was no screen on the right field pavilion in St. Louis in 1927 when he hit sixty. Not that you could reach the pavilion with a pop fly, like your friends out in Los Angeles . . ."

(I didn't pause to look it up then, but the foul line in St. Louis was 310 feet long and the fence eleven feet high.)

"It took a pretty fair belt," I said, "but even so, they put a screen across the face of the pavilion afterward, stretching clear out toward center field, and then you had to clear the roof for a home run. The screen was up in 1932 when Jimmy Foxx hit fifty-eight, and although Jimmy was right-handed he had great power to all fields. He sliced a few against the screen that year, might have broken Ruth's record if the screen hadn't been there."

Pat was shaking his head. "They told me," he said, "Ruth hit homers on the first bounce."

I subsided then and counted up. Pat was ten years old when Babe Ruth died. He is one of millions who never

saw the Babe and can't possibly have any idea of what the guy was like, no matter what they hear. So I thought I would sit down and write a piece for all the Pats, saying this:

Some season somebody's going to break Babe Ruth's record of sixty home runs. Mays might do it, or Hank Aaron or Ernie Banks or Mantle or Eddie Mathews or Willie McCovey, or perhaps it will be some boy not yet playing ball. But that won't make him another Ruth, because there will never be another Ruth. Never again in this world.

To begin with, he was the greatest ball player that ever lived, not just the heaviest hitter. Before Ed Barrow moved him into the outfield, he was the finest left-handed pitcher of his time, a winner of twenty-three games in the American League at the age of twenty-one, a winner of twenty-three games at the age of twenty-two.

There've been forty-one World Series played since Babe Ruth last pitched in one. Men like Carl Hubbell and the

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*Somebody will break Ruth's record of sixty home runs. That won't make him another Ruth. There will never be another*

Dean brothers pitched in those World Series, men like Lefty Grove and Bob Feller and Lew Burdette and Don Larsen who pitched the perfect game. After forty-one years, it is still Babe Ruth who holds the record for most consecutive scoreless innings pitched in World Series—twenty-nine and two-thirds, which is three and one-third shutouts in a row. He was twenty-three years old when he pitched his last one.

Old photographs and old descriptions make him out as a fat man, as indeed he got to be. Yet there was remarkable speed in his almost laughably slender legs and astonishing grace in his great, lummocking body. He was a splendid runner and a sure fielder with a magnificent throwing arm, and he made the correct play with unerring instinct.

As a hitter, well, there has never been a spectacle to compare with Babe Ruth at the plate. Stan Musial in his knee-sprung crouch peeking at the pitcher over a hunched-up shoulder, Joe DiMaggio in his classic stance as clean as the lines of a Greek temple, Ted Williams whipping through with the wrists in the last fragment of an instant—these have been lovely sights to see.

As a spectacle, though, Ruth was Niagara alongside a mountain rill. To see him strike out was to witness an upheaval of nature. When he swung, the earth trembled. When a home run came down, the ball had snow on it. Yet he wasn't mere muscle; he knew how to hit.

In the 1946 World Series, Ted Williams was scandalously bilked by the Cardinals, who used a defense over-shifted to the right while their pitchers aimed at Ted's fists. Instead of drawing back from the plate and trying to slice the ball into unprotected left field, Williams strove fruitlessly to pull home runs to right. That, Babe Ruth said thoughtfully, was what the opposition tried against him one season.

"I could have bunted .600 hitting to left that year," he said.

His friend Frank Graham asked the obvious question: "Why didn't you?"

"The fans," Babe said simply, "were paying to see home runs."

So he was a pitcher, a fielder, a runner, a thrower, and a hitter, but above all he was a great man.

He was not a wise man, except as children are wise. He was not an informed man, nor well read, once he had done with the box scores. He was not a man of taste or discretion or manners or sensitivity, but he was a real man, a completely natural man, warm, generous, outgoing, amoral, without pretense.

He had a quality called "color," which is generally defined as indefinable. Either he had more of it than other men, or else it was closer to the surface than in other more complex animals.

I don't know what color is, but Babe was the only man I ever saw who could mince and swagger at the same time. He was one of the few men I ever knew who could roar an obscene insult at some friends and bring a laugh instead of a punch in the nose.

I was in Chicago's Wrigley Field for the 1932 World Series when Babe pointed to the bleachers in right-center field and hit the next pitch into those seats. When he made the gesture, I wasn't sure what it meant. Afterward it came to be an article of faith that he was calling his shot. Maybe; he never denied it. Around a guy like him, there was no room for doubters.

It was that same series, maybe that same game, when Chicago fans laid down a barrage of obsolete eggs, antiquated fruit, and weary legumes when Babe took his place in the outfield. The Yankees trampled the Cubs in four straight games that year, and perhaps Ruth understood and sympathized with the frustrated rage that inspired the shower, for he was the arch-fiend, the goad-in-chief.

Cheerfully he ducked the missiles. Playfully he gathered the moldy vegetation that fell near and fired it back—and his was the strongest arm, and the most accurate.

I don't know what color is, but this was colorful.

It has often been said, accurately enough, that Ruth didn't know his own teammates by name. That is, he didn't

know their proper names, but he knew them. The Yankees had a pitcher named Garland Braxton; Babe knew him well as Chicken Neck; Jules Wera, an infielder, was Flop Ears to Ruth; Urban Shocker, the great pitcher, was Rubber Belly.

The natural conclusion is that he had no memory for names, but that can be disproved. In 1938 he had a nominal position as coach with the Dodgers; his job was to hit home runs in batting practice. He got to Shibe Park in Philadelphia, his first visit to that playground in four or five years.

Shibe Park, now Connie Mack Stadium, lies between Lehigh Avenue and Somerset Street, between Twentieth and Twenty-first Streets. Twentieth Street bounds right field, and a block away is a small street that is little more than an alley. Chances are not one in fifty Philadelphians knows the name of the street.

"You used to come here with the Yankees," a fellow said to Ruth, the Dodgers' coach. "What day in this park do you remember best?"

"The day," Babe said, "I hit a ball over there, into Opal Street."

He knew the name. He didn't necessarily know his manager's name. He remembered only important things.

Now, years later, he was dying of cancer—but still on his feet. He went to Florida while the teams were in spring training and he sat in Al Lang Field in St. Petersburg watching the Yankees in an exhibition game.

"What do you remember best about playing here?" another newspaperman asked.

"One day," Babe croaked, for his voice was almost gone, "I hit a ball up against that flippin' hotel there." He pointed to the weathered façade of the West Coast Inn, a long block beyond right field.

"Golly," the newspaperman said, "that was quite a belt."

"Yah," Babe said, "but don't forget something." He jerked a thumb back toward third base. "Don't forget in them days the ball park was 'way back across them railroad tracks."

I guess none of this explains anything to Pat.

## THE SIGN'S PEOPLE OF THE MONTH



*Dr. Allys Vergara: professor out of the abstract*

ED LETTAU

### Around the block or globe

Addressing social workers at the 1958 World's Fair in Brussels and taking into her home refugees from Communist China; a UN consultant and foundress of the Catholic Interracial Council in New Rochelle, N.Y.; honors from Pope John XXIII and the B'nai B'rith. All this measures the humane stature of a brilliant professor at the College of New Rochelle named Dr. Allys Dwyer Vergara. A generous gentlewoman with a harvest of achievements, Mrs. Vergara has a distinctly "Catholic" personality—she is dedicated to the service of her fellow man around either the corner or the globe. She is an alumna of the College of New Rochelle and also Columbia University, where she gained M.A. and Ph.D. degrees. With her husband, George, New Rochelle's mayor, she has helped Negroes, Puerto Ricans, and many other minority groups find jobs and homes. A prejudicial remark never goes uncorrected in her presence.

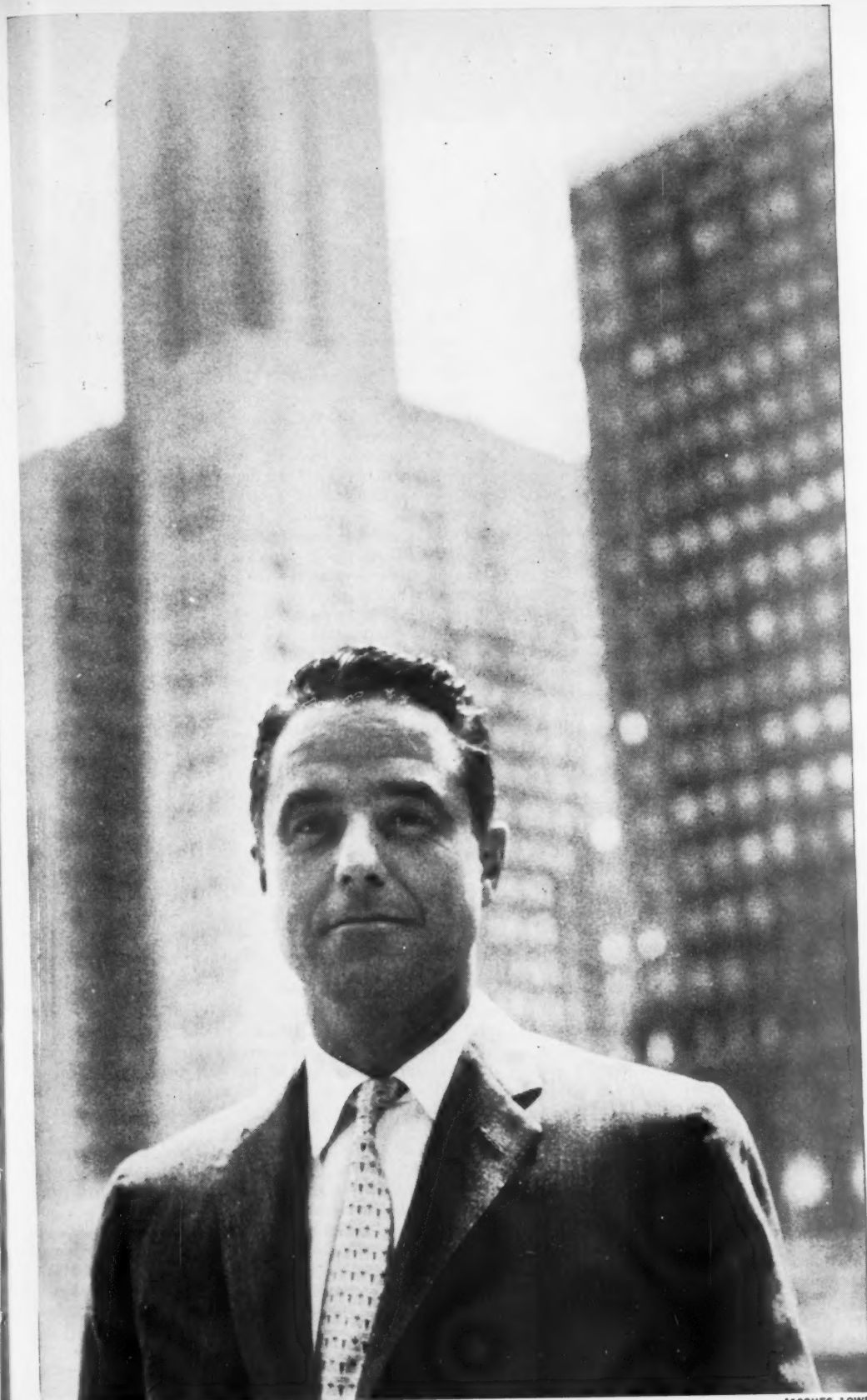
### Main Street dynamo

Odd for a Catholic to serve in the public school system? Not in the opinion of Robert Sargent Shriver, Jr., 44, president of the Chicago Board of Education, a \$254 million system to which Shriver gives one to three days a week of unpaid time.

"You can't be really interested in local government without being interested in local education," he says. Moreover, Maryland-born Shriver, godson of the late Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore, sees his work in public education as part of his responsibility as a Catholic. "Cardinal Gibbons used to say that the Church is an intrinsic part of America," he recalls, "and that Catholics should be full citizens of our communities."

Shriver's community participation goes in many directions: he is an officer or director of two dozen organizations. Last year, as president of the Catholic Interracial Council of Chicago, he was given the James J. Hoey Award "for service in the cause of interracial justice."

A brother-in-law of Sen. John F. Kennedy, Shriver spent his earlier years in law, journalism, and the Navy and now is assistant general manager of the Merchandise Mart, the world's largest commercial building. Why his energetic interest in social issues? "How is it possible to live any other way in the modern world?"



JACQUES LOWE

*Robert Sargent Shriver, Jr.: the only way to live*



# WOMAN to WOMAN

BY KATHERINE BURTON

## Spiritual Gifts

The super-abundance of the shops is already spilling into the windows and the papers. Again we read the phrase "the gift for the man who has everything"—or the woman and no doubt the child.

Children will, as usual, fare most happily. Here and there, a small one will discard the gift and make a toy out of the box it came in, using the God-given gift of imagination. The child will present the badly wrapped, little parcel containing what he made at kindergarten. These gifts, made with the unskilled hands of love, are perhaps the best of all.

I would like to say a little here about one Christmas gift not too often given our young people today. Parents give material gifts to their older boys and girls—a radio, a personal telephone, a fur coat, even a car—but how many parents are giving their young people spiritual gifts?

What are these? For one thing, perhaps a decision not to break up family unity by separation; for another, to put away dissension and envy of richer neighbors. If parents are like-minded and love each other—or at least respect each other—there will be a good Christmas even if the family car is ten years old. If you can make your children feel that what you have and can give them is good and given with love, then that is a gift that will be good for the whole year, a gift they can grow up with.

## Home, Church, School

Home and church and school—this trio together hold the futures of our children, and all have gifts to give. The home gives love and a sense of authority in that love; it is the most important direct force. The schools of late years have failed in not teaching patriotism and love for country when they teach history. The other day, I re-read the Declaration of Independence, a paper every boy and girl should know by heart. The men who signed that document gave us a gift undimmed by the years. They staked, you may recall, their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor. The words were not empty; they were well-to-do and educated men; they faced possible hanging if things went wrong. They dared, and that is why we are a good and basically honest country today. It was a continuing gift which also stated a belief that the country is in the hands of God.

As for the Church, she cannot fail and her gifts are eternal. But, as Blessed Suso put it, there is also the eternity of the now, and we live in that and so do our children. In all the world there is nothing so daring, so exciting, as the story of Christianity, a declaration of independence of the soul. Yet, Sunday after Sunday in our churches, you see the children at their Mass, most of them bored, knowing little of what is going on in front of them. They need excitement, but it must be channeled. There is plenty of it in the Mass. But if grown people go to Mass and sit fingering their beads while the great Story unfolds, what can you expect of the children?

And why isolate them from their families, anyway? Why not have the family together at this great, recurring

Event and not let them consider it one more school hour with Sisters in charge? If they knew what the great prayers meant, if they were taught to repeat them in the language they know, if they recited the Credo aloud, if, as in one church I know, a boy reads the Lesson in English from the pulpit while the priest reads it in Latin from his place—then you would not lose these children later.

Our Lord's first birthday is the one we usually consider, and there is bound to be sentiment connected with it. But we have overplayed the "Baby Jesus" theme so much that a great fact becomes sentimental. It was no small gift God gave us that night; the song of the angels is no sentimental cradle song but a call to the world to action—"and on earth peace to men of good will." I am reminded of a nativity play by Sheila Kaye-Smith in which the Angel Gabriel is standing outside the manger with the shepherds. Suddenly, from within the cave comes the cry of a baby. He falls to his knees. "The Word," he says with breathless awe. That is the emphasis we need—that the Child is also the Word. That was a gift too and is still a gift. Let us in home and church make that clear to our children and not overstress the sentimental.

## Favor with God and Man

Our Lord was a Baby then, but He had other birthdays. He grew, you will remember, in favor with God and man. That is exactly the example our young people need—not merely favor with God but also with man. There was the day He was in the temple talking with the scholars. This has been sentimentalized too, but He was then twelve years old, and in that day it meant all but grown up. He had been taught in the synagogue by the elders; His mother had been for some years in the temple, and she taught Him too. It is made very clear that He spoke with more than the knowledge of other twelve-year-olds, but that nonetheless makes Him an example for young people, in favor with God, but also, says the Gospel, "with man."

Perhaps this Christmas we might concentrate on that fact as we consider our young people. We might even listen to them as the grown-ups listened to the Boy. Recently, at Albany, teen-agers met, members of youth workshop groups, and one thing they agreed on was that schools should offer an invocation to God at opening and end of the school day—a thing some grown-ups have been bitterly opposing.

Fathers and mothers can bring their children up in peace even if there are bitter storms outside the house. A church can rear its *spes gregis* in understanding of peace if they put patience and love to the task, forgetting a little the new buildings and concentrating on the new souls. This promise would be their Christmas gift to the young people. But, though church and school do share in the gain or loss of young lives, parents come first of all. Let us then give our children the gift of integrity, of faith in a nation still under God, still trusting Him. Even if we cannot give them for Christmas the gift the Joneses gave their boy, we may find our young people will go further on life's highway with a good parental example than a new car can take them.



Bake-It-Yourself and have more fun and better nutrition

BY LILLIAN KAISER

Can you recall the bread you ate as a child? I can. When my six brothers and sisters and I were still at home, my mother used to bake bread regularly. So did most of the other women in the neighborhood. In fact, in the immigrant alley I grew up in, it was easy to see the international seeds in the different kinds of bread made.

A Syrian woman who lived opposite us baked her bread in the form of round, tough discs which she pulled out of the oven bare-handed and, with a deft flick of the wrist, tossed halfway across the room. Right on target, each landed exactly on top of others stacked on clean newspapers under the kitchen table.

Next door, a Hungarian mother fed her numerous children elaborately shaped, sour-rye twists and horns. And, two houses further down, the rye flour was added to molasses and caraway seeds to become Swedish Limpa bread.

On the right days, you could sniff French flower-pot bread, baked to an ochre crustiness in moist, clay, garden pots. And if you got up early enough, you might even get a whiff of Tyrone egg loaves left to cool on a wooden peel by old Mrs. Murphy. The wonderful smells of these various breads are as unforgettable as the women who made them.

I'm determined to pass along such rich associations for my own children's

enjoyment. If I can't do this geographically, then I can at least try gastronomically. For commercial bread manufacturers haven't managed to package aromatic reminiscences along with their uninspired slices of cotton batting. At best, their bread is all powder-puffy and tasteless, untouched by human hand and wrapped in sterility and cellophane.

At the risk of being charged with a medieval mind, I'm all for housewives' reviving the lost art of home baking. Now, don't think I'm about to wax lyrical over the unadulterated joys of bread-making when the kids are underfoot. It isn't easy, I admit.

Invariably, when I am elbow-deep in the messy-sticky stage of rye dough, my crawler decides to chew on the lamp cord and my four-year-old pushes her three-year-old sister off the wrong end of the sliding-board.

Yet, in spite of these occupational hazards, there is nothing purchasable which can be compared with crusty, warm loaves from my own oven. That yeasty, rich aroma filling the house on a cold day can't be bought anywhere. At least, my family thinks so.

MRS. BRUNO KAISER, wife of an engineer, has three small daughters. She does free-lance writing "when there's time."

Baking bread twice a week may sound like a gigantic penance suitable only for women with maids. But it really isn't. Using a few simple tricks, bread-baking can be a rewarding and enjoyable part of family food fun.

First, you need to find a reliable recipe and then keep to it. Post above your kneading board instructions to yourself about the method and order of mixing, until they become second nature. Measure the ingredients the first time, then mark the outside of the mixing bowl at the correct level. This will eliminate measuring each time. You can do the same for the amount of liquid, keeping a marked mason jar for this purpose. Store these utensils together so they are easy to get to.

If your recipe uses potatoes (mine does), cook them until very, very soft, press through a sieve, and let the yeast grow in the potato base overnight. And here's a secret from a professional baker: put the measured-out flour, bowl and all, in the same warm place. Having the flour and the yeast mixture warm will make the dough much easier to handle and will contribute greatly to the success of your loaves.

Another thing to remember about kneading is to turn the mass in the same direction so that all parts of the dough are thoroughly worked. A piece  
(Continued on page 79)

by Aloysius McDonough, C.P.

# THE SIGNPOST

## Plus

*When a member of our family passed away, we received five enrollments from one association. How can one be enrolled for perpetual membership more than once?—F. R., SPRINGFIELD, ILL.*



Your puzzlement is due to your thinking in terms of time periods, such as might apply to one-year or five-year enrollments. When a membership is perpetual, even one enrollment implies that the spiritual benefits offered by the association are shared for all time by the one so enrolled. But there is an additional benefit to being enrolled by more than one benefactor. It gives the one enrolled that many more titles or claims to share more abundantly in the benefits. True, Divine Providence is the sole Arbiter as to just how much benefit will accrue to a departed soul in consideration of the suffrages provided. Because the Sacrifice of the Mass is of infinite worth, one Mass could suffice for the liberation of all souls from Purgatory, immediately. But since we do not know the actual application of those infinite benefits, we do not hesitate to offer more than one Mass for a departed soul. So too, we may reasonably assume that a departed soul benefits more from five enrollments in a purgatorial association than from one, from the suffrages of five faithful friends than from one. In providing suffrages, the charity and self-sacrifice of the donor are an influential factor as is evidenced by the Lord's commendation of the widow's mite. (Luke 21: 1-4)

## BBA

*I have been asked to join the Big Brothers of America. Is it permissible for me as a Catholic to join?—J. G., HOUSTON, TEXAS.*

By all means. Because of their spirit and methods, the BBA accomplish great good, which hardly anyone else could. Although non-Catholic in its origin, the BBA is now interdenominational and, as stated in a *Reader's Digest* article of December 1956, "wherever possible, a boy is paired with a Big Brother of the same religious and racial background." For the sake of Catholic boys who need BBA help, the more Catholic men who join, the better. National headquarters: Suburban Station Bldg., Philadelphia 3, Pa.

## Guardian Angels

*What does the Church teach about our guardian angels? Can we assume that they have unlimited power to help us?—G. F., LONG BEACH, CALIF.*

It is and always has been the teaching of the Church that angels are deputed by Divine Providence to protect and otherwise help us. The word "angel" means a "messenger of God." Practically every page of the Scriptures testifies that there is a created spirit world—sheer spirits who operate by way of intelligence and free will. The spirits of

wickedness who mutinied against God are intent upon our ruin. To counteract them, "He hath given his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways." (Psalm 90:11) In reference to children in particular, Our Lord said: "See that you despise not one of these little ones, for I say to you that their angels in heaven always see the face of My Father." (Matt. 18:10) And the Apostle Paul writes: "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent to minister for them who shall receive the inheritance of salvation?" (Hebrews 1:14)

It is logical that men pray according to their beliefs. Dating back to ancient centuries, in the Eastern as well as the Western sectors of the Church, there are prayers which echo a universal faith in guardian spirits. "O God who, in Thine ineffable providence dost vouchsafe to send Thine angels to watch over us, grant to Thy suppliants to be continually defended by their protection and to share their companionship in eternity." (Mass and Office of the Guardian Angels) Similarly, on the feast of St. Michael the Archangel, we pray: "O God who dost in wonderful order dispose the ministries of angels and of men, mercifully grant that our lives may be fortified by those who continually stand in Thy presence and minister before Thee in heaven."

It is thoughtless to object, as Calvin did, that, if we depend upon the created spirit world, the power of God cannot be almighty. Every important person deals with others through subordinate deputies. Although mere creatures, the angels are superior to us. "What is man that Thou art mindful of him? Thou hast made him a little less than the angels." (Psalm 8:5, 6) The wicked spirits have lost none of their natural cunning. Their dominant ambition is to vent their hatred of God upon His human friends and adopted children. By ourselves, we are no match for them. We need angelic allies. To provide us with angelic guardians is one of the master strokes of Divine Providence. It is the opinion of St. Thomas Aquinas that we enjoy this unearthly assistance from the moment of conception until the moment of death—as long as the need exists. However, only the Almighty has unlimited power. To help us adequately, the efficiency of the angels need not be unlimited.

## Incense

*Has incense always been in use in the Church? Why is it used?—T. M., FLINT, MICH.*

The use of incense in religious services has had a recognized symbolism since Old Testament times. It is an aromatic gum which, when burned, gives forth a pleasant aroma, signifying the prayers and good works which men offer to God. "Let my prayer be directed as incense in Thy sight." (Psalm 140:2) Of Zachary, father of John the Baptist, we read "According to the custom of the priestly office, it was his lot to offer incense, going into the temple of the Lord. And all the multitude of the people was praying without,



at the hour of incense." (Luke 1:9, 10) According to some authorities, the use of incense in ceremonies of the Church was prevalent in France whence, in the early part of the eleventh century, it spread to Rome. Its use is now universal. During the ceremonies of the Easter Vigil, five large, unburned grains of incense are attached to the paschal candle, as a reminder of the spices used for the burial of Christ.

### Fantasy?

*Why do we hear no more of the alleged apparitions of Our Lady to one Barbara, at Pfoffenhofen near Ulan, dating back to 1946?—N. A., UTICA, N. Y.*



In the investigation and approval of alleged apparitions and miracles, it is the consistent policy of the Church to be discreet and even conservative. Genuine wonders of this kind can be helpful in advancing the cause of religion, but their genuineness calls for incontestable proof. The danger of hallucination, whether fraudulent or not, is extreme. Had the alleged apparitions to Barbara been genuine, there would not have been an official silence since 1946. Officially recognized apparitions of the Blessed Virgin Mary which we find listed are those of Banneux and Beauraing in Belgium, that of Fatima in Portugal, of Guadalupe in Mexico, of Knock in Ireland, and of La Salette, Lourdes, and Paris in France. The eight wonders listed above have had a providential appeal for the Church at large or at least for an entire country. Beyond reasonable doubt, there have been other genuine apparitions, intended for the spiritual benefit of individuals or of a restricted group such as a religious community.

### General Council

*Who will be entitled to attend the coming General Council? Suppose John XXIII were to die during the Council?—N. S., BOSTON, MASS.*

All details pertaining to a General or Ecumenical Council of the Church are regulated by Canon Law. Only the Vicar of Christ has the right to convoke such a council. His Holiness presides, either in person or through a delegate; he decides the matters to be discussed and the order of discussion; he can transfer its locale, interrupt proceedings, and even dissolve the council. Council decrees have no binding force until confirmed by the Roman Pontiff and promulgated at his order. From the judgment of the Supreme Pontiff, there is no appeal to the Council. Should the Pope die during the sessions, the council is automatically suspended until his successor orders it to reopen and continue.

The following persons take part in such a council, and with a decisive voice: cardinals, even though not bishops; patriarchs, primates, archbishops, and residential bishops—even those not yet consecrated; prelates who have jurisdiction over a limited territory within a diocese; the superiors general of religious orders of priests who are exempt from diocesan jurisdiction. Depending upon the decision of the Holy Father, membership among the personnel of the council may be extended to others, with or without a decisive vote—such as titular bishops and the superiors general of other religious communities. Experts in theology and canon law, who may be invited to the council, have only a consultative or advisory—not a decisive—voice. If one who should attend the council is unable to do so, because of illness or some other impediment, he sends a proxy.

### Exception

*We are farmers and dependent upon the weather for seeding and harvesting. Is it wrong for us to work on holy-days and Sundays?—M. L., GRAFTON, N. DAK.*

You need not consider yourselves the underprivileged few. On such days, dedicated in a special way to the Lord, we should refrain from unnecessary servile work. Whenever the seeding or harvesting cannot be anticipated or postponed, on account of weather or other conditions beyond your control, you are an exception to the general rule. You are to be commended for attending Mass before entering upon the day's work. As to frequency of sacramental confession, there is only one hard-and-fast rule—we may not receive Holy Communion without a worthy confession, if conscious of mortal sin.

### Detraction

*My problem is not my non-Catholic husband, but what Catholic friends say in his presence in criticism of priests.—E. R., LITCHFIELD, CONN.*

True—priests have a special obligation to edify by exemplifying Christian virtues. It is only too true that the record is not perfect. But how illogical and unprofitable it would be to lessen our regard for the Apostles because of Judas! It is a commonplace of human nature to find inconsistency between one's professional training and personal conduct. Not all judges and attorneys keep the law which they know so well. Not every physician takes due care of his own health. The Old Testament cites many an instance of the Lord God having to rebuke His representatives. Hence, human misconduct is no longer a surprise. The less the surprise, the less pretext for useless and harmful gossip, which is bound to snowball from one version to the next.

Sins of the tongue can be more harmful than the faults which are criticized. For all practical purposes, detraction can become calumny by way of exaggeration. And as we know, unexaggerated criticism often falls flat. Detraction and calumny are both unjust injuries to the good name of another. In detracting, we tell the truth; in calumny, we lie. To reveal the faults of another without necessity is disedifying, and perhaps even scandalous. Without mincing words, you should tell the friends who join your family circle to bridle their tongues. Their gossip is scandalous to your husband and is misleading. It does not depict the whole truth, it distorts perspective. And the Church should be appraised in perspective.

### Animals in Heaven?

*In the hope that my animal pets will be in heaven with me, I baptize them—conditionally, of course. To do so has always seemed right to me.—G. P., BRIDGETON, ME.*

To attempt to bestow a supernatural sacrament upon an irrational animal is a travesty. Even the Almighty cannot impart divine grace to an irrational animal, for the simple reason that such an animal lacks an intellectual, immortal soul. That foundation is essential to the divine improvement called grace—an improvement for the angelic and human mind and will. We have no foreknowledge as to whether there will be any pet animals in the place called heaven, enjoying contentment in their own way. But if so, their existence and admission will in no way depend upon sacramental ministrations here and now.

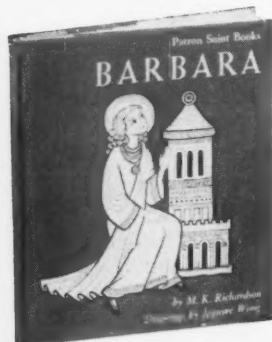


# Christmas Books

## for young folks

### For the Youngest Boys and Girls

**Francis**, by Sister Mary Francis, P.C., (Sheed & Ward, \$2.00, ages 5-9), is a nicely done, elementary biography of the saint. It contains essential facts, enlivened by incident, detail, and humor. Jeanyee Wong's illustrations are interesting in themselves and delightfully helpful to the text. *Francis* is a new title in the "Patron Saint" series, and so is **Barbara**, by M. K. Richardson. (Sheed & Ward, \$2.00, ages 5-9). Barbara is a Roman saint, more remote in many ways than Francis, but there



are some memorable incidents in her story. They are carefully reported here, in a special book for young Barbaras and for anyone else who might be intrigued by a Roman girl's devotion to a panel of three windows in a quite ordinary heating chamber.

It would be safe to say that every child who has ever visited the seashore has brought home a collection of shells. **Houses From the Sea**, by Alice E. Goudey, (Scribner's, \$2.95, ages 5-8), is a beautiful picture-book that answers almost as many questions about shells as children are able to ask. There is a bit of story in the text and illustrations—a brother and sister happily collect shells in their sand pails—but shells are the main interest. The author's descriptions are charming, and illustrator Adrienne Adams matches this style.

### By MARY LOUISE HECTOR

**A Little Old Man**, by Natalie Norton, (Rand McNally, \$2.75, ages 3-6), has a nautical hero who lives alone in a little house on a little island in the big ocean. In a tremendous storm, the little house is swept away. But shortly the same storm pushes a fine boat onto the very spot where the house stood. As the little old man explores the boat, his new home, youngsters will feel a titillating sense of coziness and order. An excellent book to read with very young children.

**Lucy McLockett**, by Phyllis McGinley, (Lippincott, \$3.00, ages 4-7). A rollicking, book-length rhyme. Lucy, at six, is a distressing forgetter-of-things for whom there seems to be no cure. But Miss McGinley skips her along to a happy ending in neat, lilting verse that is delightful to perform.

In **Saint Francis and the Animals**, by Leo Politi, (Scribner's, \$2.95, ages 5-9), the author tells, with freshness and reverence, some familiar tales and some



not-so-familiar ones, about the gentle saint of Assisi. Politi's masterfully colored pictures have largeness and simplicity; children understand them immediately and love them especially.

**The Night the Lights Went Out**, by Don Freeman. (Viking, \$2.00, ages 4-7). A warm and funny story, a modern child experiences pioneer living when electrical power fails during a blizzard.

The Caldecott Medal, designating the best picture-book of the year, was awarded for 1958 to **Chanticleer and the Fox**, by Barbara Cooney. (Crowell,



\$3.00, ages 4-8). This is a brilliantly realized version of one of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, the one in which a lordly rooster engages in a battle of wits with a fox.

### For Slightly Older Children

Daniel Walden's version of **The Nutcracker**, (Lippincott, \$3.50, ages 6-10), is a perfect book for any family to read aloud at Christmas. There is a magnificent Christmas party in a huge old house in Frankfurt. Maria's inventor-godfather gives her a nutcracker who is a gallant iron soldier. When the party is over, the hordes of mice who live in the old house swarm out to steal the Christmas goodies. In the battle to defend them, the Nutcracker proves himself a courageous general and redeems himself from an enchantment.

The original fairy-tale is nearly a hundred and fifty years old. It was used by Tchaikovsky for the ballet **The Nutcracker**. The present book is a handsome volume with lovely illustrations



**Books are welcome Christmas presents for children** and the easiest things to buy. They are also the hardest if you are determined to find a book that fits the child as accurately as his shoes.

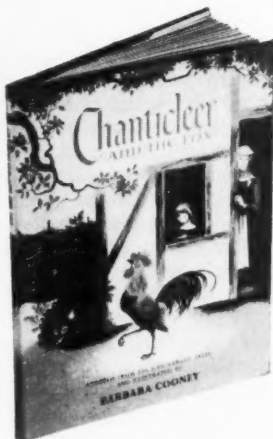
If you enter the children's section in a modern bookstore, you will have to rely on far more than a hasty glance if you wish to make a happy choice. In the stocks of new books, every dust jacket

is so colorful that you become momentarily color blind; every blurb so enthusiastic you find it impossible to enthuse about any.

**If you want to pick the right book for the right boy or girl**, then you must get beyond the front cover. Currently, there are many excellent choices being offered and, in our limited space, we would like to mention some of them.

and could be combined with a recording of Tchaikovsky's music for an outstanding Christmas gift.

Natural history is the subject of **The Tenement Tree**, by Kate Seredy. (Viking, \$3.00, ages 7-10). A city boy discovers that a huge old tree in the country is like a tenement, encompassing widely varied and interesting types of life. He describes each new animal acquaintance in terms of his city experiences. There are wonderfully dramatic Seredy illustrations of the lad's tales.



The title of **The Long-nosed Princess**, by Priscilla Hallowell, (Viking, \$2.00, ages 6-10), promises fun, and the story delivers it. The egotistical young prince Fustian is searching for the most beautiful girl in the world to be his bride. When the sweet and merry little princess Felicity is presented to him, he laughs in her long-nosed face. With action and a pleasant bit of moralizing, the author uses some fairytale magic to bring this unlikely couple together.

**Saints for Boys and Girls** by Catherine Beebe, (Bruce, \$3.50, ages 8-up), presents sketches of twenty-four saints, including Saints Anne, Agnes, Helen, and Barbara; Gerard, George, Robert, and Blessed Brian. Appealing illustrations



tions by Robb Beebe accompany the text. As usual, this latest book by the Beebes will help the young folks capture something of the glory and inspiration of God's great heroes.

The Apostle Paul is the subject of an attractive and lively biography, **A Catholic Child's Book about Saint Paul**, by Daniel-Rops. (Catechetical Guild, \$2.50, ages 8-12). This is an oversize volume with a bright, modern format that youngsters will recognize as promising good reading. There is good reading here—stirring, fully interesting, and worthwhile.

**Jim at the Corner**, by Eleanor Farjeon, (Walck, \$2.75, ages 6-10), is a collection of tall tales about the sea and sailors. Jim is an eighty-year-old seaman who sits on an orange-box at the corner of a London street. Young Derry visits him faithfully and faithfully follows the stories he tells of his youthful nautical adventures on the good ship "Rocking Horse." The stories are clever, and they are fun to read. The illustrations are by Edward Ardizzone, a master of whimsical line and expressive color.

**Tim and Lucy Go to Sea**, by Edward Ardizzone. (Walck, \$2.75, ages 6-10). Story and pictures by the author. Tim is a competent little lad (really very little) who has a mastery of the sea and its ships. He agrees to sail with Lucy Brown and her guardian on their new yacht and sees them through troubles that include the threat of mutiny. Ardizzone's storytelling is as full of quiet fun as his pictures are. His Tim is a child's daydream come true—a natural-born hero whom even adults respect.

**Grasslands**, by Delia Goetz. (Morrow, \$2.75, ages 8-12). This is a factual book; its explanations of the major grasslands of the world represent scientific writing for children that is widely informed, carefully controlled, and eloquent. Louis Darling has done the expressive illustrations.

A happy houseful of French little-girl orphans has a sudden sad problem in **A Brother For the Orphelines**, by Natalie Savage Carlson. (Harper, \$2.95, ages 7-11). By law they are not allowed to keep the dear little baby boy who is left on their doorstep. The law has not reckoned with young Josine, the most stubborn of the orphelines. The book is delightful and appealing, and humorously illustrated by Garth Williams.

In **Peter and Anna and the Little Angel**, by C. E. Schulz. (Bruce, \$2.00, ages 8-10), two children and their grandfather living in the Austrian Alps try to

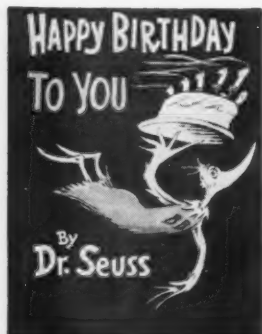


discover the rightful owner of a beautiful and very old carving of a little angel. The story uses many Austrian religious customs, fascinating in their novelty and inspiring in their loveliness.

There is every opportunity nowadays for a young Catholic to make the ac-

quaintance of his patron saint. **Tell Me About the Saints**, by Mary Cousins, (Newman, \$2.50, ages 8-12), is a new book in a category that is expanding slowly but steadily, well-written collections of brief biographies of saints. This one covers the first to the thirteenth centuries and deals with such well-known saints as Antony, such middling-well-known ones as Martin, and such neglected ones as Oswald.

**Happy Birthday to You!** By Dr. Seuss. (Random House, \$2.95, ages 7-11.) Another book-length of rhymes. Dr. Seuss describes the unstinting birth-



day celebrations that are traditional in the land of Katroo. In a Dr. Seuss book, words and ideas rush along in special breathless zaniness to high points of cleverness and vigorous humor.

#### For Young Adults

Excitement is the rule in much of **The Blue Marshmallow Mountains**, by Lucille Mulcahy. (Nelson, \$2.95, ages 9-12). A Spanish itinerant peddler of rural New Mexico and his two orphaned grandchildren land in the middle of a mysterious crime. In addition to mystery, the book has strong family feeling and a fascinating geographical background.

A modern and most appealing saint, the Curé of Ars, is the subject of Eva K. Betz' biography. **The Man Who Fought the Devil**. (St. Anthony Guild Press, \$2.25, ages 9-14). The humble parish priest actually had diabolic physical torments, but nothing could diminish the power of his heavenly gift—his ability to give in the confessional the precise directions which each penitent needed. The book catches the reality and the wonder of his story.

**St. Helena and the True Cross**, by Louis de Wohl, (Vision Books, \$1.95, ages 9-15), is a life of the pagan princess who became a Christian and the mother of the Emperor Constantine. When she was a very old woman, the energetic, tempestuous Helena set out to find the wood of the True Cross. De Wohl tells her fabulous story with authenticity and with a fitting verve.

**Warrior Scarlet**, by Rosemary Sutcliffe, (Walck, \$3.25, ages 11-16), is a story about the Bronze Age in Britain. It sets its crippled hero the impossible task of killing a wolf in single combat, thus earning his tribal admission into full manhood. A dramatically potent and historically rich book, *Warrior Scarlet* will be sustained high pleasure for the best of teen-age readers.

**Son of Charlemagne**, by Barbara Willard, (Clarion Books, \$1.95, ages 11-14), is a biography and a superior delineation of a historical period. Its characterization is expert. Its color, action, and suspense all emanate from Charlemagne, shaped by his own drive into the symbol of medieval Christianity militantly united against paganism. Political and personal dramas occur, to make *Son of Charlemagne* a breathless and indelible reading experience from first page to last.

**The Helen Keller Story**, by Catherine Owens Pearce, (Crowell, \$2.75, ages 12-up), movingly recounts the childhood of the blind and deaf little girl who was thought to be rendered by her double handicap as uneducable as a little animal. The education she received pioneered American education for the blind. The biography also sketches in her adult achievements, amazingly complex in the light of her early isolation.

For similarly advanced readers is Nancy Faulkner's adventure-romance of fourteenth-century London, **The Yellow Hat**. (Doubleday, \$2.95, ages 12-16). A young serf, having taken part in Wat Tyler's rebellion, is willing to fight for his freedom. He is aided by a vivacious girl, maid to Master Geoffrey Chaucer. The sights and sounds of history are vivid and clear as are its people, real and fictional, and impressions gained through the excellent story will probably carry over to the prosaic pages of the history text.

**Stories from the New Testament**, by Piet Worm, (Sheed & Ward, \$3.00, all ages), is a small book which tells the Gospel story in a simple and dignified narrative. I think it possible that a child might see the continuity of the Gospels for the first time, with a com-



MARY LOUISE HECTOR, along with raising four youngsters, is the children's book editor for *The Critic* and a member of the New York Times book review staff.

plete book like this, having missed that continuity in his slow-moving, backtracking Bible-history classes. The highly stylized, heavily gold-need illustrations are eye-catching.

The young hero of **The Beast in the Cave**, by Mary Alice Philips, (Watts, \$2.95, ages 12-16), is a Cro-Magnon boy of 25,000 years ago. In a breathless and convincing story, he is made to represent man's first intuition that fear and cruel tribal custom are not exclusive bases for human conduct.

The white man's unprincipled and unnecessary destruction of the Indian's sustenance, the wild buffalo, is the theme of **Buffalo Chief**, by Jane and Paul Annixter. (Holiday House, \$2.95, ages 12-16). The reader follows two lives—that of an Oglala warrior, and that of a magnificent buffalo bull—through a vivid, impressive, and remarkably controlled story to its heroic climax, the battle of the Little Big Horn.

**John Treigate's Musket**, by Leonard Wibberley, (Ariel, \$2.95, ages 12-16), is a realistic novel about the early phases of the Revolution. Covering the action up to Bunker Hill, it is the first volume of a projected trilogy about the war, and is, in itself, a rapid and well-plotted story with fine characterization.

A modern young man who is an experienced outdoorsman adopts a huge, renegade dog, in **Stormy**, by Jim Kjelgaard. (Holiday House, \$2.95, ages 12-16). Allan and the dog live an abundant and solitary life in the rich wilderness. The book has a superb story and some graphic lessons about conservation and about self-control.

**Away to East Africa**, by Albert J. Nevins, M.M., (Dodd, Mead, \$3.00, ages 12-14), is a short, largely geographical description of a primitive and mysterious land that is rapidly conquering both its backwardness and its remoteness. The many superb photographs are the finest thing in the book. The youngster who receives *Away to East Africa* as a Christmas gift will have to share it with any member of the family who catches the merest glimpse of its photographic contents.

Young author Beverly Butler, trained in creative writing classes at Mount Mary College in Milwaukee, has an excellent new novel, **The Fur Lodge** (Dodd, Mead, \$3.00, ages 13-up). The book is set in Minnesota during the American Revolution, but has no concern with the war. Its fourteen-year-old hero undergoes a lonely and dangerous ordeal, as he waits, solitary guardian of valuable furs, in a remote Indian lodge for the return of his voyageur companions. Jules is con-



stantly hungry, frequently terrified; but he conquers his fears, imagined and then powerfully real, in a story that will have young readers turning pages with shaky fingers.

The lives of eleven missionaries are briefly recounted in **The Heroes of God**, by Henri Daniel-Rops. (*Hawthorn*, \$3.95, teen-age). The factual accounts are mesmerizing, with moments of high drama and episodes of high courage. Among the subjects treated are St. Isaac Jogues, Father Junipero Serra, and Molokai's Father Damien.

John Langstaff's **On Christmas Day in the Morning!** (*Harcourt*, \$3.25, all ages), is like an elaborate Christmas card. The book contains four traditional Christmas carols, words and melodies, and a wealth of colored illustrations.

These carols have served generations of European and English Christmas revelers, who sang them, danced to them, and acted them out. The pictures are so full of detail that it will take a long time to see it all; and then, of course, it will have to be seen again.

**The Witch of Blackbird Pond**, by Elizabeth George Speare, (*Houghton Mifflin*, \$3.00), won the Newberry Medal for 1958, awarded annually for the year's most distinguished contribution to American literature for children. A lively orphan girl comes from heathen Barbados to live with Puritan relatives in a small Connecticut town. When Kit makes friends with an old Quaker woman, the townsfolk are ready to believe that both are witches. Superior readers will find that every element in this book is of the highest quality, and they will read it again and again for its drama, meaning, history, and romance.

**Jennifer**, by Zoa Sherburne, (*Morrow*, \$2.95, ages 12-16), is a good story about a sensitive high school girl's adjustment to the idea that life with an alcoholic parent can be understood, tolerated, and, through the agency of Alcoholics Anonymous, trusted.

A new manual for teen-age girls, **A Girl and Her Teens**, by Father Peter-Thomas Rohrbach, O.C.D., (*Bruce*, \$2.35 cloth, \$1.25 paper), is a knowledgeable and challenging guide through the painful mazes of adolescence. There are books enough in this category, but there are few that have such solid logic combined with winning expression. Youngsters will like the language (their own), the humor, and the friendliness; they will sincerely cherish the firm directions for their problems—such puzzles as sin and sanctity for the teen-ager, the meaning of sex, the rightness of adolescent obedience, and the unnerving approach of adulthood. *A Girl and Her Teens* should be a private present from mother to daughter. It may well prove to be the most valuable and long-lasting Christmas gift of all.

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# BOOK REVIEWS

## THE CHURCH IN THE SUBURBS

By Andrew M. Greeley. 206 pages. Sheed & Ward. \$3.50

The quest for an elusive utopia seems to characterize much of life in the suburbs today. Yet few of the new type of *homo Americanus*, called suburbanites, rate themselves as either happy enough or successful enough.



A. M. Greeley

This is the problem, especially as it relates to Catholics, a perceptive, young Chicago priest tackles in *The Church in the Suburbs*. Most of these essays have been published before in Catholic periodicals (several have appeared in *THE SIGN*), but this book brings into one engrossing theme the various aspects of a new way of life which is pretty good, but for which the people involved may not be good enough.

Father Greeley examines suburbia from the viewpoints of the "good" life, the parish, priest, father, mother, and young people. He diagnoses suburbia's sickness and prescribes a spiritual prescription to prevent the affluent society from turning into the avaricious society. Riesman, Whyte, Spectorsky, and a number of others have preceded Father Greeley on a sociological exploration through the jungle of picture-window boxes on concrete slabs and have charted the map fairly well. Now Father Greeley, probing spiritually, points out why and how the spirit of the Gospel must become a living reality in the midst of the critical situations of mid-twentieth-century living. "It may be possible (though not easy) to sit in an air-conditioned ranch house and watch a color television set and still not be attached to the things of the world." But it certainly won't be possible, he adds, if the Catholic suburbanite doesn't even know the problem exists. Father Greeley finds that it doesn't occur to many suburban Catholics that anxieties over push-button transmission or membership in the local country club might interfere with "seeking first the Kingdom of God and His justice."

As well as being a world of hi-fi's, deep freezes, and two cars in the garage, suburbia is also a world of crowded churches, long lines at the

Communion rail, CFM meetings, good will, and noble intentions. But spirituality on this level is not enough, for Catholic suburbanites are not aware of the connection between their own abundance and starvation in India. "The real tragedy of many a suburban Catholic is not that he is bad, but that he is capable of so much more."

Father Greeley's essays are brisk and important. One might wish for a little more analysis and documentation—as in *Fortune's* study of *The Exploding Metropolis*—for Father Greeley relies perhaps a little too much on impressions. However, he is primarily an essayist and in this book confirms his reputation as a pathfinder in the Catholic literature of suburbia.

DOUGLAS J. ROCHE.

## SIGN SURVEY OF BEST-SELLING BOOKS

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1. **THIS IS YOUR TOMORROW . . . AND TODAY.** By Fr. M. Raymond, O.C.S.O. \$3.95. Bruce
2. **THE CATHOLIC MARRIAGE MANUAL.** By Rev. George A. Kelly. \$4.95. Random House
3. **IT IS PAUL WHO WRITES.** By Knox & Cox. \$4.50. Sheed & Ward
4. **FRIENDSHIP WITH CHRIST.** By Rev. Louis Colin, C.Ss.R. \$4.00. Newman
5. **THE HIDDEN FACE.** By Ida Friederike Goerres. \$4.95. Pantheon
6. **A FAMILY ON WHEELS.** By Maria Augusta Trapp. \$3.95. Lippincott.
7. **JESUS OUR MODEL.** Rev. Louis Colin, C.Ss.R. \$3.50. Regnery
8. **MY FIRST SEVENTY YEARS.** By Sister M. Madeleva, C.S.C. \$3.50. Macmillan
9. **IMAGE OF AMERICA.** By R. L. Bruckberger. \$4.50. Viking
10. **AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ST. THERESE OF LISIEUX.** Trans. by Ronald Knox. \$4.50. Kenedy

You are what you read. Read good books

## CHRISTMAS GIFT

By Frances Parkinson Keyes. Hawthorn. 91 pages. \$2.95

Unusual in format and very attractive is this white, star-spangled book of vignettes. The pages are tinted green and tastefully illustrated by Tracey Penton. In shape, the book resembles the Slim Jim Christmas cards now so popular. In a foreword, the author explains that the demands of her work often found her far from family and friends at Christmastime. To bridge the gap, she wrote poems and articles describing her own Christmas, had them printed, and sent them as Christmas greetings. The collection includes stories from France, Spain, New England, Washington, Louisiana. Several come from her home in New Orleans, Beauregard House.



Frances Keyes

In "Home For Christmas" she tells of a holiday spent with her children and grandchildren, of the tree trimming, feasting, exchange of presents. The crèche plays a prominent part in the celebration. She tells of the charming family custom of arranging the figures in the fireplace, all logs and brasses having been removed. The Wise Men are arranged far from the stable at first. Each night at bedtime, the children are asked to move them closer and closer, until on Twelfth Night they have finally arrived at the crib.

Those readers not of the Keyes' fold may find in this book overtones of sentimentality not to their liking. If you are looking for a special Christmas greeting, though, particularly for a Keyes' admirer, *Christmas Gift* might be a good choice.

ANNE CYR.

## A SHORT HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

By Denis Meadows. 246 pages. Devin-Adair. \$4.50

Any writer who attempts a "short history" dares the twin charges of excessive generalization and oversimplification. Especially is this true when his subject is the immensely complicated past of the Catholic Church. Yet Denis Meadows here courageously compresses almost twenty centuries into 246 pages with the dual objectives of "adherence



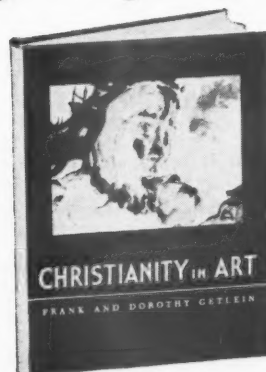
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## FOR CHRISTMAS

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*Afterword by Gustave Weigel, S.J.*

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to the facts" as he knows them and "frankness in dealing with shortcomings in the human beings who are members of the Church."

For the most part he has commendably fulfilled these aims. Certainly, Mr. Meadows does not hesitate to cite papal and clerical weakness. He states, for example, that the election of Rodrigo Borgia to the Papacy was "almost certainly a simoniacal one." He refers to Luther's antagonist, the Dominican Tetzel, as a "spiritual accountant and statistician." He admits the unfortunate role played by some of the French priests in the Dreyfus case.

This is no chronicle of scandals, however. The author's tone is moderate and sane; his attitude is that "bad popes, worldly prelates, or venal churchmen merely confirm our belief in human free will; they do not disprove the claims of the Church." With such a conclusion no sensible Catholic can disagree.

*A Short History of the Catholic Church* offers nothing new or startling. Neither deeply scholarly nor profound, it is a convenient summary blessed with the virtues of conciseness and clarity.

H. L. ROFINOT.

### CHRISTMAS WITH ED SULLIVAN

*By Ed Sullivan.*

**278 pages.**

*McGraw-Hill.*

**\$4.95**

This is a Christmas gift book compiled by Ed Sullivan. Along with his own Christmas memories he has rounded up similar recollections of many famous people and added, for good measure, some classic and modern short stories on the subject. The seasonal character of the book does not detract from its perennial readability.

The list of contributors reads like an all-star Ed Sullivan Show. Jack Benny, Clark Gable, Edith Piaf, Eddie Cantor, Maurice Chevalier, Dinah Shore, and a host of others from all walks of life have answered Ed's request to recall their most memorable Christmas.

Curiously enough, the memories of the great and famous do not differ too much from those of us ordinary people. They concern the joy of giving, the warmth of the family circle, and the special peace radiated by the manger scene.

It is surprising how many in the book are taken back to childhood or to the lean years before their names became household words.

Jack Benny, for example, finds him-



Ed Sullivan

self in Sioux City in the early 1920's. Lonely, feeling quite far from Waukegan, he is invited by a Father O'Connell to spend Christmas Eve at the Catholic rectory. To this day, he says, he can't remember another Christmas so filled with "laughter and true joy."

Cardinal Cushing recalls an incident as a young priest. Dinah Shore was a little girl intent on a blue satin coat for her doll.

Interwoven with the personal anecdotes are some wonderful short stories. Ring Lardner is at his humorous best in "The Facts." Pearl Buck does her usual professional job with her story of Christmas in the atomic age. Mary Ellen's memories of her grandmother is a marvelous bit of writing and character reading.

Certainly the book has something for everyone. It may well be just the thing to add to your Christmas list.

ROSEMARY NOLAN.

### MARY WARD

*By Sister Mary Oliver.*

**229 pages.**

*Sheed & Ward.*

**\$3.75**

Few, other than the Sisters of Loreto, could appreciate the late Pope Pius XII's reference to Mother Mary Ward at the First World Congress of the Lay Apostolate as "that incomparable woman . . ." It is not too late, now that we have Sister Oliver's well-researched biography of her foundress, to make the acquaintance of one who graced Stuart England with high holiness and magnificent daring.

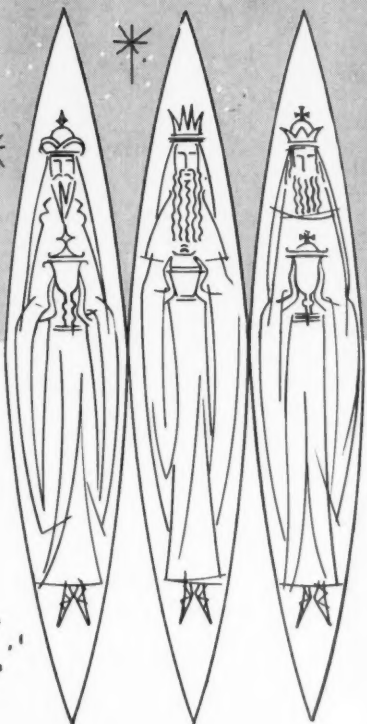
Connected by birth with England's staunchest Catholic families in Yorkshire, Mary Ward must have had apocalyptic vision to sustain her attempts to found the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary—nuns without enclosure, governed, not by the local bishop, but by their own Mother General. Masterminds like St. Francis de Sales and St. Vincent de Paul had given up similar efforts. Today, we are used to the canon expressed by Pope Clement XI in 1703 when approving Mother Mary's Rule: "Let women be ruled by women." But Mary Ward won this right and set the tone for future "active" communities of women by dint of faith, humility, and indomitable tenacity.

From the moment she began her first foundation at St. Omer for the purpose of teaching the Faith to girls, both rich and poor, on the Continent and in England, she knew no reprieve from frustrations and jealousies. Jesuits and secular clergy scornfully dubbed her "Jesuitrice" for wanting to adapt St. Ignatius' Rule for her community. She was denounced by bishops; and even Pope Urban III, who later became her champion, issued a Bull of Suppression of her institute on evidence gleaned



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by Francis L. Filas, S. J.

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Father Filas, who has been called the World's foremost authority on St. Joseph, has gathered together the material we have, discusses its significance, and, perhaps most importantly, shows how St. Joseph can be and should be one of the greatest friends and guides in our spiritual lives. He shows how the theology of St. Joseph necessarily leads to increased devotion and emulation and from there to spiritual growth. This is a book that belongs in every Catholic home, that will be a magnificent guide to every Catholic Father, that will help everyone to lead a fuller, richer life in close communion with the Holy Family. \$3.95

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from her enemies. Angered to learn that Mary was imprisoned at a convent in Munich as a "heretic, schismatic, and rebel to Holy Church," the Pope ordered her instant release.

By the time of her death at her convent in Heworth, England, her foundations had spread through western Europe. Now, they are found on all continents.

Obviously a work of love, Sister Oliver's biography is earth-borne when it might have soared, might have caught the pageantry and heartbreak of her foundress in vivid, searing strokes.

Maisie Ward's Introduction and Epilogue are spirited tributes to Mother Mary and are, in effect, montages to the biography.

SISTER MARY GENEVIEVE, DONOVAN.

## IMPATIENT GIANT: RED CHINA TODAY

By Gerald Clark.  
McKay.

212 pages.  
\$4.50

Gerald Clark's fast-paced report on Red China should come as a timely shock to most Americans. This book is a recitation of those sights and sounds surrounding Clark's 1958 visit to China, a trip which brought the author deserved commendation for his newspaper and TV documentary reports. Clark is an experienced observer and journalist, not given to sensationalism or extremism. Yet he finds himself admitting that "by the time I left China I was staggered and terrified."

Clark's fright is evident in his reactions to such things as the absence of keys for hotel rooms, the fanatic surge of Chinese nationalism which leads to war campaigns against sparrows and fleas, the puritanical austerity in the name of socialism, the absence of humor and smiling people. Clark's report is in the main straightforward: he tells of his conversations with officials, bellboys, and peasants; he describes the state of Chinese medicine with its strange addiction to acupuncture; he analyzes the breakdown of the family and social institutions; and he speculates on the effect throughout Asia of a tough, successful, respected Communist China. Throughout this entire depressing story Clark emphasizes the Chinese Communist view vis-à-vis the United States: "We are patient, we know how to wait . . . time is in our favor." There is no comfort whatsoever in this book. But it should be read, for perhaps only when we realize the utter seriousness of our national position will we do something about it.

ROBERT FINLEY DELANEY.



Gerald Clark

## SAINT TERESA: A JOURNEY TO SPAIN

By Elizabeth Hamilton. 192 pages.  
Scribner's. \$3.50

Sometime in your life you have probably had this sort of experience: you met a person with whom you had been acquainted for many years, or perhaps for only a short time, and the meeting struck a spark between you, triggered some mysterious action in your personality so that you found the other person no longer a mere acquaintance, but now a real friend, with all that genuine friendship implies.

This is exactly the experience that I had in reading Elizabeth Hamilton's cheerful little book on the "big" Saint Teresa. I had known Teresa—rather well, I thought—from other biographies. But it wasn't until I went along with Miss Hamilton on her delightful journey through Teresa's towns, where I could relax awhile and soak up the atmosphere, that Teresa and I became friends "existentially."

This is a book about a saint (not a biography) which should frighten nobody—Catholic or non-Catholic. Indeed, where some authors would be extravagant, Miss Hamilton is almost overcautious. She sees Teresa primarily as an attractive human being, sharing our common lot, but a saint, and one of the Church's greatest glories nonetheless. "Her faults have given a particular character to her sanctity," Miss Hamilton says. "Because she was vain, at the mercy of her emotions, a prey to foolish friendships; because, when she should have been praying, she was wishing the clock around, there is in Teresa's sanctity a great tolerance and humanity."

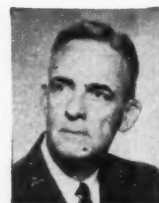
ALBERT D. MOSER, C.S.P.

## THE FAMILY READER OF AMERICAN MASTERPIECES

Ed. by Ralph L. Woods. 487 pages.  
Crowell. \$5.95

Like all good anthologies this is a companionable book. An anthology should be something like the ideal domestic larder: crammed with tasty and occasional eccentric items. Mr. Woods is a good provider.

Widely and guilefully he has shopped in prose and poetry, books old and new, and has remembered that much good writing is quietly alive in the aban-



Ralph Woods



E. Hamilton

done files of newspapers. The result is enticing.

The claims of the title are large. America is a big country. From a continental wilderness the nineteenth-century pioneers carved an ordered community. In archaic wagons, on foot and on horseback, they made their way from the Atlantic coast to the Pacific and cultivated the land. Ancient cultures clashed in the vast arena; vying concepts of the good life fought almost to the death.

Mr. Woods knows this, and in the mosaic of writings he has assembled the great panoramic picture is explicit. With Parkman his reader pioneers in Wyoming 110 years ago; the tragedy of the South is captured in miniature in the moving *Jean-ah Poquelin* of Cable; Horace White, rescuing his family as he reports, describes Chicago's great fire; and, in the memories of his friends and in his own despatches, simply, wryly humorous, complexly wise, and awkwardly dignified as a blackthorn, Mr. Lincoln walks again.

It was, by the way, a craftsmanlike touch to place Mr. E. B. White's *Walden* in juxtaposition with Thoreau's *The Moose Hunt*. Mr. Woods is such a good editor he competes with himself.

This is, as its author claims, a "family reader." But the smallest members of the family will have to grow up to it. I should have liked to find something specially for them. American writers have not been niggardly in their service to the very young. But one must not cavil. Here is a rich repast, from Washington to Dooley; from Hawthorne and Henry Adams to Faulkner, more than ninety authors, good nourishing home cooking, well-stocked.

W. J. IOGE.

## UP FROM LIBERALISM

By William F. Buckley, Jr. 205 pages. McDowell, Obolensky. \$3.50

This is a disappointing book. "Liberalism" is a term of many meanings which can be profitably discussed only by one who remains objective, dispassionate, and discerning. There is much in Liberalism to condemn, and there are certain Liberal attitudes and doctrines which a Christian must endorse. Unfortunately, Mr. Buckley's attack is more emotional than rational and is made in the same shrill rhetoric he accuses the Liberals of using.

In the first three-fourths of the book, Mr. Buckley attacks Liberalism, and in the last fourth he briefly states his Conservative position. His argument against



W. Buckley

Liberalism consists of examining an individual person or case, showing its weakness or viciousness, and then generalizing to condemn all Liberals holding a similar position. Favorite targets are Eleanor Roosevelt, Americans for Democratic Action, the *New York Times*, and such columnists as the late Elmer Davis. Although he does not mention them by name, Mr. Buckley's generalizations also condemn much of the social program of the American bishops, the teaching of the last three popes, and the thought of almost every prominent Catholic thinker of the last half century.

Mr. Buckley's positive aim is to attain "an objectively free society." By this he means a society with government restricted to letting a man do as he wishes with his property. Such a society was attained a century ago, and it led to such anarchy and social injustice as are condemned in both papal social encyclicals and modern Liberal thought. Mr. Buckley's ideal *laissez-faire* society has been tried and found wanting, and the technological revolution has made it impossible of realization again.

Ironically, the thoroughly secularistic ADA more frequently agrees with papal teaching than does Mr. Buckley, on such concrete issues as racial integration or labor legislation.

Social and political thought would gain immensely if Mr. Buckley—and all the rest of us—would drop the labels "Liberalism" and "Conservatism" in order to analyze the contents of various programs and proposals instead of condemning or endorsing them according to the label they bear. For there is much good in the so-called Conservative program, as there is in the Liberal. Unfortunately, Mr. Buckley has done Conservatives a distinct disservice in this highly emotional attack on Liberalism and his positive statement of an extreme Conservative position. A better analysis of Liberalism, revealing its basic philosophical defects, is still needed.

THOMAS P. NEILL.

## SMILE AT YOUR OWN RISK!

By Joseph T. McGloin, S.J. 147 pages. Bruce. \$2.95

One Manhattan gossip columnist used to unfurl his daily stint with the final flourish "Wish I had said that!" quoting a highly original turn of phrase and thought he had come upon in his previous day's prowlings. Many a teacher, especially Jesuits, will say of this "Mr. Chips" book, "Wish I had said that!"

Though he is deadly serious (Jesuit education is a no-nonsense job), Father McGloin is also very funny. It is a lark for him to recount his teaching experience at Regis High, Denver, a school

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that, physically, leans toward the Mark Hopkins type. (Oh, it's better than a log but it's no Groton). Yet here at Regis, as at every Jesuit school, the house of intellect of each boy is molded and nurtured with all the dedication and learning of men whose motto is *Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam*.

The ominous title *Smile at Your Own Risk* covers a deal of hilarity and an abundance of educational wisdom. No "retreat from learning" whimpering here. Indeed, this book is alive with the joys that good and great teachers know who have mastered the art of helping knowledge make a less "bloody entrance" into young minds. The *how* ("in one uneasy lesson") and *why* and *whom* and *what* of teaching are clearly explained and aptly illustrated. Love of learning and of students—boys in this case—is the core of successful teaching. Enthusiasm, resourcefulness, good discipline, and other auxiliary qualities flow from this love and, without it, *rapproch* between teacher and taught is impossible. "How can I learn from him I do not love?" is still axiomatic. Any young teacher (or older one) really eager to "gladly learn and gladly teach" will bless Father McGloin for waving his teacher's flag. His "credo" is nicely spiced by Don Baumgart's excellent cartoons.

SISTER MARY GENEVIEVE DONOVAN.

## THE DARKNESS AND THE DAWN

By Thomas P. Costain. 478 pages. Doubleday. \$3.95

The sweeping panorama of Thomas Costain's new novel is just as vast as the Literary Guild claims it to be—spanning the sprawling empires of Attila and the Roman emperors; in time, ranging backward and forward for a generation during the days of early Christianity; and, in personnel, rivaling the enormous and colorful cast of a Hollywood spectacular.



Thomas Costain

Scenes are played on a gigantic scale, with a half million troops under the "Scourge of God" attacking another half million pledged to the protection of the eagles of Rome; sights of butchery and pillaging that reduce whole towns to rubble; orgies of luxurious living contrasted with reprisals of barbaric torture. The minute detailing of descriptions breathes life into all parts of the great picture. But, as in any huge tapestry, the susceptibility to flaws heightens proportionately. Here the weakness stems from the implausible personal adventures of the leading characters.

Played against the background of clashing armies, with the world as the stake, the main ingredients of the story center in a boy, a girl, and her superbly steed, Harthager. Nicolan of the Ildiburgs, son of an ancient race of horse breeders, who had been enslaved in his youth and sold to the dictator Aetius, escapes to offer his services to Attila. Through perils that bring him repeatedly to the brink of death, he retains his devotion for the golden-haired Ildico, his childhood love. When he repudiates the Hun chieftain, realizing at last that the darkness of Attila holds no promise of a dawn for corrupt Rome, his danger doubles, for even his own people accuse him of treachery. Meanwhile, Ildico survives a succession of hazardous encounters in her flight from the barbarian's lust to claim her for his bride, managing to slip from his clutches on their very wedding night.

In view of the odds against them, none of these exploits conveys realistic conviction or creates the intended suspense. A certain satisfaction results in watching the bad guys fall like rotten apples so that right can prevail—as it universally does in the end—but this counts as a rather incredible moral instead of literary triumph.

LOIS SLADE PUSATERI

## NULLITY OF MARRIAGE

By F. J. Sheed. 127 pages. Sheed & Ward. \$3.00

Not every marriage ceremony begets a marriage. Sometimes it produces only the appearance of a marriage. This may be so because one party to the ceremony is not free to marry or does not freely give consent to the marriage. A marriage ceremony may also result in no marriage because the form required by law for a valid marriage is not observed. For example, a ceremony involving a Catholic bride or a Catholic groom will not produce a marriage unless it takes place before a Catholic priest.



F. J. Sheed

Frank Sheed's *Nullity of Marriage* treats of such cases as these, where marriage appears to be but is not. In this revised and enlarged edition of a work first issued in 1932, Mr. Sheed presents, with his usual clarity, the laws of the Church, showing the grounds on which apparent marriages are declared invalid.

This is not a textbook on Canon Law. In language that the ordinary layman can understand, it explains the Church's laws on nullity and compares these laws with similar ones in force in England and in New York State.



"Divorce claims to break up a marriage actually in being. Nullity means that a marriage never came into being; it is the discovery that the contract to marry did not exist." Having thus pinpointed the difference between divorce and nullity, the author analyzes and discusses the various factors that render a marriage contract null and void. In so doing, he gives his readers a better understanding not only of the nullity of marriage but also of the true nature of marriage as a contract and as a Sacrament.

Mr. Sheed's interesting and informative book contains many references to actual cases in both civil and ecclesiastical courts, including those of Henry VIII and Catherine of Aragon, Napoleon and Josephine, Lucrezia Borgia and Giovanni Sforza. In an appendix, the author treats of the many cases presented to the Roman Rota. The recent figures which he quotes completely refute the oft-heard canard, "The wealthy can easily obtain a decree of nullity."

Those who wish to know more about the factors which can render a marriage null and void should read this book. There may be other books on the subject written for the Catholic layman but few, if any, are written in a style so clear and pleasing to read.

FINTAN LOMBARD, C.P.

## A LIGHT TO THE GENTILES

By Adrian L. Van Kaam. 312 pages.  
Duquesne University. \$4.75

The modern Christian's greatest longing is for the joy which Christ and the saints tell him should be his rightful portion. He is repelled by accidental austerities which some responsible Catholic anthropologists say are no longer suited to the modern, anxiety-ridden temperament. Thus he hesitates at the foot of Calvary unwilling or unable to embrace the Cross, the only source of the joy he seeks. A firm but gentle hand is needed to guide him upward.

Venerable Francis Libermann is such a guide. He emerges from the pages of Father Van Kaam's biography as a "new apostle type." The nineteenth-century Jewish convert, whose own life was beset with physical and mental anguish, practiced, in his spiritual direction, the doctrine of spiritual childhood and simplicity which a later generation has identified with St. Therèse of the Child Jesus.

Father Van Kaam, who is a clinical psychologist and a spiritual son of this second founder of the Holy Ghost Fathers, has attempted to highlight the personal, psychical darkness which enabled the epileptic Father Libermann to empathize so effectively and guide so gently the distraught people of his

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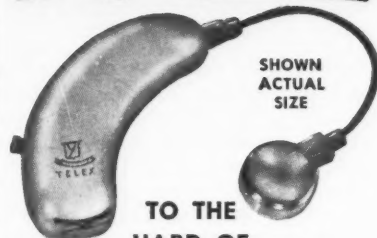
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The book is interestingly written, but  
it is not until the twenty-fourth chapter,  
where he analyzes Libermann's apostolic  
and spiritual doctrine, that Father Van  
Kaam writes with real zest. This chap-  
ter is a delightful appetizer for the  
full-course meal of Libermann's own  
writings which will constitute three  
further volumes in the Duquesne Uni-  
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ALBERT D. MOSER, C.S.P.

#### SHORT NOTICES

**THE TREASURY OF EARLY AMERICAN  
HOMES.** By Dorothy & Richard Pratt.  
Hawthorn. 143 pages. \$15.00. This  
is a new, revised, and enlarged edition  
of an old favorite among collectors of  
Americana. Richard Pratt, architectural  
editor of *Ladies' Home Journal*, and his  
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and Charleston; and *American Provin-  
cial* in the Garden District of New  
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usual, carry treasured memories of  
early American civilization. Excellent  
commentary accompanies the illustra-  
tions. The book, on coated paper, in  
rich color and large 10 x 13½ pages,  
makes a superb gift.

**CALIFORNIA, STATE OF GRACE.** By Most  
Rev. Merlin J. Guilfoyle. 148 pages.  
Academy Library Guild. \$3.75. Dr.  
Guilfoyle, Auxiliary Bishop of San  
Francisco, writes for *The Monitor*, the  
newspaper of his diocese, a column  
about his city and his state which he  
sprinkles with learning, quotations from  
poems, meditations, witticisms, and the  
miscellaneous interests of an active,  
inquiring, and gentle mind. This book,  
his second of the sort, is made up of  
twenty-seven chapters of excerpts from  
his column. Although not the sort of  
guidebook one should read in prepara-  
tion for a tourist's visit to California,  
it would probably make delightful  
reading for anyone, especially a Catho-  
lic, who lives in that "State of Grace,"  
where, if Bishop Guilfoyle has not been  
made a honorary member, or perhaps  
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## THE DAY OF CHRIST'S BIRTH

(Continued from page 18)

relaxation came to Joseph, and he slept. In sleep, he was visited by an angel. The spirit said to him: "Joseph, son of David, do not scruple to take Mary, your wife, into your home. Her conception was wrought by the Holy Spirit. She will bear a Son and you are to name Him Jesus; for He will save His people from their sins."

When Joseph awakened, he remembered the dream. He felt refreshed. He felt happy. The more he dwelt upon the dream, the more clearly he saw the hand of God revealing a great truth to him. It required restraint to go to work, making stalls and tables and wooden hangers for utensils and closets for garments. His impulse was to hurry to Mary's house, yelling: "I know! I know!" His patience manifested itself, and he waited until the proper time, after supper, and when she saw his first glance, Mary knew that he knew.

In Rome, Caesar Augustus learned that all men are not honest. He ruled the known world, but the amount of taxes was not commensurate with the number of subjects. He held a council in Rome, and his advisers told Caesar that he could not levy an equitable tax until he had an accurate idea of the populations of the several provinces.

Caesar issued an imperial rescript ordering all subjects, in the winter solstice, to return to the cities of their fathers and there be counted. This, of course, would work hardship on millions of people, and, in a two-week period of migration, would upset the economic balance as men left their work to travel to distant cities—but it had to be done.

Many of the subject peoples chafed when the law was proclaimed. They said that Caesar was not a just king to do this to them. Even in a small town like Nazareth, which Caesar Augustus would not know by name, the Jews said that it was not fair. Joseph sought the local tax merchant and asked if women in advanced pregnancy could be excused and he was told that no one could be excused.

Joseph and Mary started on the trip south, two young and solemn people with a short and slender jackass who bore the most exalted burden ever to honor an animal. Joseph consoled Mary by reminding her that, if he paced the trip correctly, and they were not halted by heavy rains or sandstorms, she would see Jerusalem at sundown.

The final few miles were fatiguing. Joseph stumbled many times in the dark and, over his shoulder, he asked his wife if she was quiet. When they

were two miles from Bethlehem, she said no. She felt discomfort, she said, but it was bearable and she had no complaint. She hoped that they would reach the inn in time.

The stretch of road into Bethlehem curved broadly and climbed steadily. To the left the valley was precipitous. Four hundred feet below, the whistle of shepherds could be heard and sometimes, in the deep silences, they could be heard exchanging greetings.

Joseph leaned forward to pull the ass a little faster. He reached the city of David and found, to his dismay, that there were multitudes of people, some sleeping beside the road. He had not realized that there were so many who belonged to the House of David. His heart sank as he found that Bethlehem consisted of one main road running north and south and two cross-streets. The inn was to the left, built on a cliff of rocky soil overlooking the valley. Joseph went directly to the inn, knowing that he would find room here or he would find it nowhere.

He left Mary and the animal outside and assured his wife that he would make arrangements. She too could see the crowds. Some families were sleeping outside the inn, against the wall.

Joseph went inside. The floor of the main room was full of people sleeping in their clothing, with bundles propped under their heads. The odors of the unwashed and spiced foods filled the place. The young man sought the proprietor. With supplication on his face, he begged for a small, private place for his wife, who was with child. The owner listened and threw up both hands. Where? he asked. Where would you go for privacy? His own family had no room in which to sleep. Every cubit of space had been rented three days ago, and some of the transients were taking turns sleeping in one space.

My wife, said Joseph in a tone this side of begging, is outside. She will have her first-born in an hour or two. Can you not please find room? The owner became irritable. Every house, every field in Bethlehem, was filled with people from all over Judea. Some of the regular caravans between Egypt and the upland country chose to continue their journeys at night rather than remain in this overcrowded place. Where then could a woman have a baby? Nowhere.

The owner's wife heard part of the plea. She called her husband aside and asked questions. The night was chill, she said. Look at the men outside the inn, sleeping with their cloaks over their noses. Why could not the young man take his wife to the cave below; the cave where the animals were kept?

The owner shrugged. If Joseph

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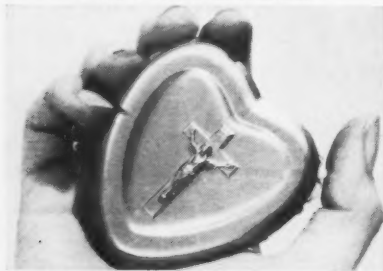
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wanted privacy, he said, the only place left was down the side path to the cave where the asses and small animals were kept. He was welcome to it, if one wanted to bring a baby into the world in a place like that. Joseph inclined his head. "I am grateful," he said. "I thank you."

He dragged his feet returning to Mary. He told her the news. She was not vexatious; in fact, she seemed to be relieved. "Take me," she said. "The time grows short."

There were paths leading from both sides of the inn down the side of the cliff. In front, as on the bows of a big ship, there was an entrance to the cave, which had been carved out a long time ago. Joseph paused to light his small lamp, then led the donkey inside. He turned to look at Mary, and, in the yellow rays, he saw that she was in deep fatigue.

Joseph apologized. He said that he was sorry that the Hospice of Chamaan had no room for her, but she could see the crowds of people. He was ashamed that he had failed her in this hour. He must confess that he had not been much of a husband.

For a moment, Mary conquered her discomfort. She brought a tender smile to her face. She told her husband that he had not failed her; he had been good and tender. He hung his head and listened. Mary looked around at the haltered cattle, the few lambs, some asses, and a camel. If it is the will of God, she said, that His Son should be born in a place like this, Mary would not question the wisdom of it.

At the age of fifteen, she would undergo this trial alone, just as, thirty-four years later, her Son would undergo His trial alone. She asked Joseph to build a small fire on the path outside and to fetch some water from the goat-skin. Joseph did as she directed. He found an extra lamp hanging on a stable peg, and he lit this one and the stable brightened, and the animals watched in glistening-eyed silence, their breaths making small, gray plumes in the gloom.

Joseph collected clean straw from the feed boxes, cleaned out a stall, and arranged the straw as a bed and placed his cloak over it. Then he looked for wood outside, and found none. He went back up to the hospice and bought some charcoal from the owner. When the water was hot, he filled a jar and brought it to Mary with some cloths. She was standing, hanging onto the wall of the stall with both hands.

Her head was down, and he could not see her face. In fear, he asked her to name what he could do. She said to go outside and tend the fire and heat more water and to remain there until she called him. The animals



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watched him go, and they watched impassively as Mary sank on the straw.

The fire outside burned brightly in the southerly breeze and little trains of ruddy sparks flew off into the dark night. Joseph sat beside it, heating the water and praying. He begged God for mercy for his wife.

No one came down from the inn to ask how the young woman felt. If there was any sound, no one heard except the animals, some of whom stopped chewing for a moment to watch, others of whom opened sleepy eyes to see. Time was slow; there was an infinity of silence; a timeless time when the future of mankind hung in empty space; when a woman stands in the doorway to death to bring forth life.

Joseph had run out of prayers and promises. His face was sick, his eyes listless. He looked up toward the east, and his dark eyes mirrored a strange thing: three stars, coming over the Mountains of Moab, were fused into one tremendously bright one. His eyes caught the glint of bright, blue light, almost like a tiny moon, and he wondered about it and was still vaguely troubled by it when he heard a tiny, thin wail, a sound so slender that one had to listen again for it to make sure.

He wanted to rush inside at once. He got to his feet, and he moved no further. She would call him. He would wait. Joseph paced up and down, not realizing that men had done this thing for centuries before he was born and would continue it for many centuries after he had gone.

"Joseph." It was a soft call, but he heard it. At once, he picked up the second jar of water and hurried inside. The two lamps still shed a soft glow over the stable, even though it seemed years since they had been lighted.

The first thing he noticed was his wife. Mary was sitting tailor-fashion with her back against a manger wall. Her face was clean; her hair had been brushed. There were blue hollows under her eyes. She smiled at her husband and nodded. Then she stood.

She beckoned him to come closer. Joseph, mouth agape, followed her to a little manger. It had been cleaned and, where the animals had nipped the edges of the wood, the boards were worn and splintered. In the manger were the broad bolts of white swaddling she had brought on the trip. They were doubled underneath and over the top of the Baby.

Mary smiled at her husband as he bent far over to look. There, beneath the cloth, he saw the tiny, red face of an Infant. This, said Joseph to himself, is the One of whom the angel spoke. He dropped to his knees beside the manger. This was the Messias.

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(Continued from Page 44)

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I'll never ask why, like Sarah does. If you ask *why*, you will wander forever down cold, empty corridors. God alone knows *why*. Instead, I go down in the summer dusk when the scent of the milkweed hangs sweet and heavy in the cooling air, and I sit on a gray rock by the side of the river. I sit at the head of the deep, black eddy where the foam-flecks drift down slowly, and I watch them turning. And sometimes I push a little log out to drift away down in the easy current, and I put a little piece of birchbark on the log with kisses on it. I pray for them all, even for Howard, that pretty baby with big, black eyes who couldn't smile. I pray that in its drifting, at the end of the long, long river, my kisses and my prayers will find them all somewhere and that the angel of God will look after them and us all, now and forever.



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Holy Cross Seminary, Dunkirk, New York, or  
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## LEMASS

(Continued from page 29)

added some further important gains to his impressive list of industrial successes when he induced American oil interests to establish a great oil refinery at Whitegate in County Cork. On his initiative, Canadian prospectors are now profitably mining copper ore at Avoca in County Wicklow. Only this year he concluded a deal under which a leading Dutch shipbuilder is establishing a shipbuilding and repair industry in Cork Harbor.

His immediate concern now is to find export markets for Irish products, since the home market provided by a population of just under three million limits expansion. To this end he has just introduced a bill in Dail Eireann—the Republic's Parliament—to convert the existing Dollar Exports Board into a full statutory Exports Corporation. No country in Europe has more state-owned or socialized industries than Ireland, simply because capital cannot be found in any other way. And Mr. Lemass will not hesitate, where it is necessary, to find more capital for projects likely to advance his drive for greater export business. To induce outside industrialists—particularly Americans—to establish factories in the Republic, he has offered generous tax concessions and state loans.

A man of moment in Ireland's financial and economic set-up, who worked close to Mr. Lemass during his many years as Minister for Industry and Commerce, had this to say of him: "I know of no man who can get quicker to the essentials of any problem. He has a keen, analytical mind and the ability to reach a decision quickly and decisively. As a man he has always been a terrific worker and unsparing of himself but very considerate of others. He is not the kind who likes to have yes-men around him, but prefers to hear frankly all the arguments for and against a line of policy before coming to a conclusion. If, after a trial, he finds a particular policy is not working out right, he has no hesitation in reversing his decision and taking a new course. He has never lacked courage or hesitated in taking decisions even where they might be politically unpopular."

In the Dail at times Mr. Lemass has had to suffer much abuse, but he has never allowed himself to become personal or to lose his sense of dignity and restraint. Those who are received at his office in Government Buildings find him an easy, relaxed Premier to meet, with a quiet, winning way. But back of that easy way there is an earnestness and a sense of responsibility which well fit him to be the head of Ireland's government today.

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For information about Holy Cross Fathers, or the Lay Brothers who assist them, write to: **Father Gerald S. Conny, C.S.C. Holy Cross Fathers Seminary, North Easton, Mass.**

## HOME-MADE BREAD

(Continued from page 57)

of waxed paper placed under the towel when the dough is rising will eliminate a messy clean-up time.

Among less sophisticated peoples, bread has sort of an existence of its own and is respected more highly than we in our artificial culture consider rational. A Rumanian peasant, even today, will kiss a crust of bread he has dropped and beg its pardon. A Corsican woman will sign her loaves with three crosses. And a Scottish cottager will take bread made of new grain to church on August 1, Lammas or Loaf-Mass Day, to have it blessed.

Bread which demands and gets such respect is often a natural, dark, whole-grain variety. We in our so-called "enlightened" society are very guilty of adulterating almost everything we eat. We refine our food, we soften it and precook it and recolor it so much that there is little left of original value. Commercial producers strive to achieve sweetness, whiteness, and uniformity in flour. Why? Because grains treated to produce these qualities have a long storage life. Vast quantities of them can be kept in one place, thus making large-scale, commercial, flour production profitable. If grains are not milled and chemically bleached to remove the hulls and oils, they will spoil easily. Fats, if left in, will become rancid, for example, and any vitamins present will encourage insect pests to thrive.

The white flour used in commercial baking has some twenty-four natural nutrients removed in the milling process. Yet only five synthetic ones are replaced before it is gloriously labeled "enriched." So, if you accept this bake-it-yourself, whole-grain challenge, you will give your family not only more fun with their food but greater nutritional benefits as well.

Making your own bread has other rewards, too. You'll come to have a new regard for your own kitchen prowess, and the children will look at you with new respect. The rhythmic kneading will relax your nerves (toss the youngsters a lump of dough and let them work right along with you; they'll love it!) and it may also soothe your soul. For bread is an elemental thing, and in the act of baking it yourself, you'll better see the significance it has in our spiritual life as well as in our physical one.

In the beginning, bread-baking will only be a patiently learned skill. But it can be raised to the level of an art. And with a special leavening of spirit, it can rise higher still: to the plane of prayer. For bread and prayer are inseparably mixed. It was bread which was broken when Christ said: "Take and eat. This is My Body."

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